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MISTAKES

OF

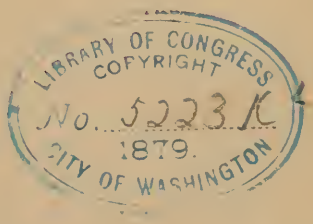
INGERSOLL

AS SHOWN BY

PROF. SWING, J. MONRO GIBSON, D. D.,
W. H. RYDER, D. D., RABBI WISE,
BROOKE HERFORD, D. D.,
AND OTHERS.

INCLUDING INGERSOLL'S LECTURE
ON THE
"MISTAKES OF MOSES."

EDITED BY
J. B. McCLURE.



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PREFACE.

A religious faith at present so generally pervades the civilized world that it seems almost amazing that any one should dare speak as Mr. Ingersoll does in his several lectures about the Bible. It is this singularity, no doubt, rather than intrinsic worth, which gives any significance that may attach to his words. That the Bible is in the least endangered is out of the question. It is too late now for that. The words herein compiled from good and able men, who have made the great Book, in its early language, import and history, a careful study for long years, will show how futile are Mr. Ingersoll's efforts in parading what he calls the "Mistakes of Moses," etc. Indeed, it would seem that, possibly Mr. I. is guilty of a mistaken identity, for he is severely accused of false assertions and misrepresentations concerning the *real* Moses. This reminds us of a "mistake" which was made on a certain occasion by the celebrated Archbishop of Dublin, the gifted author of the work so widely known, entitled "The Study of Words." He was not in robust health at the time, and for many years had been apprehensive of paralysis. At a dinner in Dublin, given by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, his grace sat on the right of his hostess, the Dutchess of Abercorn. In the midst of the dinner the company was startled by seeing the

Archbishop rise from his seat, and still more startled to hear him exclaim in a dismal and sepulchral tone, "It has come! it has come!"

"What has come, your Grace?" eagerly cried half a dozen voices from different parts of the table.

"What I have been expecting for twenty years," solemnly answered the archbishop—"a stroke of paralysis. I have been pinching myself for the last twenty minutes, and find myself entirely without sensation."

"Pardon me, my dear archbishop," said the duchess, looking up at him with a somewhat quizzical smile—"pardon me for contradicting you, but it is *I that you have been pinching!*"

Messrs. Gibson, Swing, Ryder and Herford, of Chicago, and Rabbi Wise, of Cincinnati, whose replies are herein given, are too well known as scholars and divines, to require any introduction to a reading public. Their words are wise and timely, and are put on record in this form to show the weakness of modern infidelity and the stability of Divine Truth.

J. B. McClure.

Chicago, April 22nd, 1879.

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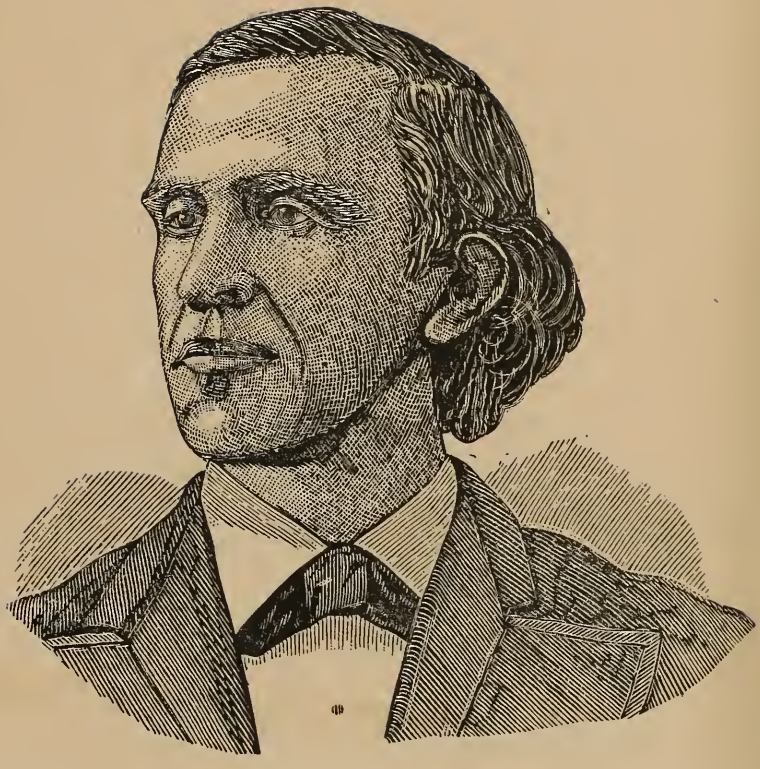

David Swing

MISTAKES OF INGERSOLL

AS SHOWN BY

PROF. SWING,
W. H. RYDER, D. D.,
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PROF. SWING'S REPLY.

THIS discourse is not spoken regarding the man, Robert G. Ingersoll, but regarding the addresses which he is delivering and is otherwise publishing. The man Ingersoll is said to be, in his private life, kind, neighborly, humane, and in many ways an example which might be imitated with great profit by thousands who represent themselves as holding the Pagan or the Christian religion. But, were this author and lecturer a mean, wicked man, I should still be bound to consider his thoughts apart from the thinker just as we deal with Bacon's ideas apart from his moral qualities, and the politics of Alexander Hamilton apart from the infirmities of his moral sentiments. The intel-

lect of such an individual as the one before us is a thinking machine. It makes a survey of the religious landscape. Objects strike it that escape you and me. His eyes are not those of a preacher, not those of a bishop, nor those of an evangelist like Mr. Moody; not those of a moralist like Dymond or William Penn, nor those of Theodore Parker or Emerson, but they are a vision purely his own, and our task is limited to the inquiry what this peculiar sense discovers in our wide and varied world.

The Lawyer vs. The Philosopher—Ingersoll's Professional Proclivities in Making a Part equal to the Whole!

We perceive at once that these addresses do not offer us any system of philosophy for woman, or child, or State, and therefore they cannot aspire to be any valuable Mentor to tell each young Telemachus how to live. They are the speeches of a lawyer retained by one client of a large case. Men trained in a profession come by degrees into the profession's channel, and flow only in the one direction, and always between the same banks. The master of a learned profession at last becomes its slave. He who follows faithfully any calling wears at last a soul of that calling's shape. You remember the death scene of the poor old schoolmaster. He had assembled the boys and girls in the winter mornings and had dismissed them winter evenings after sundown, and had done this for fifty long years. One winter Monday he did not appear. Death had struck his old and feeble pulse; but, dying, his mind followed its beautiful but narrow river-bed, and his last words were: "It is growing dark—the school is dismissed—let the girls pass out first." Very rarely does the man in the pulpit, or at the bar, or in statesmanship, escape this molding hand of his pursuit. We are all clay in the hands of that potter

which is called a pursuit. A pursuit is seldom an ocean of water; it is more commonly a canal. But if there be a class of men more modified than others in language and forms of speech, the lawyers compose such a class, for it is never their business to present both sides. It is their especial duty so to arrange a part of the facts as that they shall seem to be the whole facts, and next to their power of presenting a cause must come their power to conceal all aspects unfavorable to their purpose. A philosopher must see and set forth at once both sides of all questions, but a lawyer must learn to see the one side of a case, for there is another man expressly employed to see the reverse of the shield. But few of us are philosophers. When we wish to exhibit something, we instantly cut off all light except that which will fall upon our goods. If we are to display only a yard of silk, we will veil the sun and move about to find the right position, and then light a little more gas, that the fields, and hills, and heavens may all withdraw, and permit us to see the fold of a bride's dress. Thus all the professions, honored by being called learned, do more or less cut off the light from all things except the fabric that is being unfolded by their skillful fingers.

Men of intense emotional power like Mr. Ingersoll, and men who, like him, have hearts as full of colors as a painter's shop, are wont, beyond common, to pour their passion upon one object rather than diffuse it all over the world. These can awaken, and entertain, and shake, and unsettle, but then, after all is over, we all must seek for final guides men who are calmer and who spread gentler tints with their brush. I am, therefore, of the opinion that none of us should follow any one man, but rather all men; should seek that general impression, that wide-reaching common-sense, which knows little of ecstacy and little of despair. These

"Addresses" under notice are wonderful concentrations of wit, and fun, and tears, and logic, but concentrations upon minor points. They are severe upon a little group of men, upon literalists and old Popes, and old monks, but they do not weigh and measure fully the religion of such a being as Jesus Christ, nor touch the ideas and actions of the human race away from these fading forms of human nature.

Seven Mistakes of Moses Left out!— Injustice to Hebrew History.

These addresses do injustice to the Hebrew history. A lawyer has a right to be one-sided and narrow when he is presenting the cause of his client, but when he is addressing a public upon a religious, or political, or social question, narrowness in his discourse must be considered an infirmity, or else an act of injustice. These speeches betray either unconscious narrowness or willful injustice. But Mr. Ingersoll is the embodiment of sincerity, according to those who enjoy his acquaintance, and therefore we must conclude that the cast of his mind is such that it is led hither and thither by that narrowness which belongs no more to a high Calvinist than to a high infidel. If the lecture upon "Moses" had been more thoughtful, it would have confessed that there were several forms of the man "Moses,"— the historic "Moses," the Hebrew "Moses," and the Calvinistic "Moses;" and then, after this concession, he might have assailed the "Calvinistic Moses." . . . .
But if the addresses had been broad, and spoken for that larger audience called humanity, they would have asked us to mark the mistakes of the Moses of Hebrew times and of common history. But they did not dream of this. Standing in the presence of one of the grandest figures of Egyp-

tian and Hebrew antiquity, Mr. Ingersoll failed to see this personage, and permitted nothing to come upon his field of vision except those sixteenth century theologians who distorted alike the mission of Moses and of Christ, and even of the Almighty. To set forth the mistakes of the historic "Moses" would not be any easy task. One doing this would be compelled to ask us to mark the blunders of a leader who planned freedom for slaves; who bore complainings from an ignorant people until he won the fame of unusual meekness, one who did in reality what infidels only have dreamed of doing—living and dying for the people; the mistakes of one whose ten laws are still the fundamental ideas of a State, of one who organized a nation which lived and flourished for 1,500 years; the mistakes of one who divested the idea of God of bestiality and began to clothe it with the notions of wisdom and justice, and even tenderness; the follies of one who established industry and education, and a higher form of religion, and gave the nation holding these virtues such an impulse that in the hour of dissolving it produced a Jesus Christ and the twelve Apostles; and thus did more in its death than Atheism could achieve in all the eons of geology. Seven mistakes of Moses left out!

There is, it is true, a time and a place for irony, but after it has done its work amid the accidental of a time or a place, there remains yet much to be studied by the sober intellect and loved by the heart which really cares for the useful and the true. It is essentially a small matter that some poetic mind, some Froissart or some Herodotus, came along perhaps after the reigns of David and Solomon, and gathered up all the truths of old Hebrew tradition, and all the legends, too, and wove them together, for out of such entanglements the essential ideas generally rise up just as noble pine trees at last rise up above the brambles and thickets at their base,

and evermore stand in the full presence of rain, and air, and sun. Above the brambles and thorn of legend, at which the narrow eye may laugh, there rises up from the Mosaic soil a growth of moral truth that catches at last full sunshine and full breeze; a growth that will long make a good shadow for the graves of Christian and infidel beneath. The errors of legend are so unimportant that even a Divine Book may carry them.

It will thus appear that the method of the addresses is very defective. It is not a wide survey of a two-thousand-year period in human civilization, a period when the Hebrews were making imperishable the good of the Egyptians who were dying from vices and despotism, but is only the ramble of a satirist having a sharp eye for defects and a most ready tongue. All the by-gone periods may be passed over in two manners. We may go forth for our laughter or for our pensiveness and wisdom. Juvenal saw old Rome full of dissolute men and women. Virgil saw it full of literature. Tacitus found it not destitute of patriots and heroes; and when Juvenal found the husbands all debauchees, and the wives all hypocrites, there the most calm and elegant historians found the most excellent Agricola, and found a wife of spotless fame in the daughter Domitia. Thus in the very generations in which the lampoons of Juvenal found only vice, behold we see beauty and virtue in full bloom around the homes of Tacitus, and Agricola, and Pliny. Thus all the fields of human thought lie open to the invasion of those who wish to mock, and of those who wish to admire. And beyond doubt when Mr. Ingersoll shall have uttered his last thought over the Mistakes of Moses, some other form of intellect could glean in the same field, and leave covered with the truths of Moses, a nobler and larger tablet.

Swing Puts Himself in Ingersoll's Place and Attacks the Seventeenth Century.—How it Works!

Permit me now, in imitation of the style of these addresses, to ask you to look at the seventeenth century: Why, it all drips in blood! Horror upon horrors! The King of Persia put to death some of the Royal family and put out the eyes of all the rest—even the eyes of infants. Russia begins her cruel oppression of Poland. Prussia, the hope of Europe, is desolated by war, which never lifted its black cloud for thirty years. In this wretched century came the massacre of Prague and the forcible banishment of 30,000 Protestant families. Allowing five persons to a family, it will thus appear that 150,000 were driven from their homes and country. Further south, in France, a few years before, 700,000 Protestants had been murdered in twenty-four hours. Afterward came the licentious court of Louis XIV.; while over in England noble men and women were being beheaded or otherwise slain in dreadful numbers. The beautiful Queen Mary is beheaded just as the century begins, and Essex is beheaded in its full opening. And in its close France reenters the scene, revokes the edict of Nantes, and sends into exile 800,000 of her best citizens.

Thus dragged along the seventeenth century, as it would seem, bleeding, and weeping, and gasping in perpetual dying. What a picture! Amazing indeed, but narrow and false! I have been thinking only of the "mistakes" of a time. Just look at that century again with a wider survey and a happier heart, and lo! we see in it a matchless line of immortal worthies. There flourished Gustavus, laying the foundations of our liberty; there lived Grotius, writing down the holiest principles of duty; there we see Galileo inventing the telescope, and beholding the starry sky; there

sits Kepler finding the highest laws of astronomy; near these are the French preachers, Bossuet, Fenelon, and Massilon, whose fame has not been equaled; there, too, Pascal and Corneille. But this is not all. It is not one-third the splendor of that one epoch, for, cross the Channel, and behold you meet Shakspeare, and Lord Bacon, and Milton, and Locke, and while these divine minds are composing their books, Cromwell is overthrowing despots, and a Republic springs up as by enchantment. Thus the seventeenth century, which awhile ago seemed only a period that a kind heart might wish stricken from history, now comes back to us as the sublime dawn of poetry, and science, and eloquence, and liberty.

The truth is we must move through the present and the past with both eyes wide open, and with a mind willing to know all and to draw a conclusion from the whole combined cloud of witnesses. The author of the addresses does not do this. He does not make a wide survey nor draw conclusions from widely scattered facts; and hence, after he has spoken about the horrors of the Mosaic age, or of the church there remains that age or that church emptying rich treasures into the general civilization, purifying the barbarous ages, awaking the intellect, stimulating the arts, inspiring good works, elevating the life of the living, by setting before man a God and a future existence. Our Christianity has a Hebrew origin. The sermon on the Mount was begun by Moses.

The eloquence of Mr. Ingersoll is much like the art of Hogarth or John Leech,—an acute, and witty, and interesting art, but very limited in its range. Hogarth was without a rival in his ability to picture the "mistakes" of marriage, and of a "Rake's Progress," the peculiarity of "Beer Lane" and "Gin Lane"; and his art was legitimate in its

field, but its field was narrow, and took no notice of the eternal beauty of things as painted by Rubens or Raphael. After Hogarth had said all he could see and believe about marriage, there stood the holy relation in its historic greatness, filling millions of homes with its peace and friendship, notwithstanding the mirth-provoking pencil. Thus the ideas of "Moses," and "Church," and "Heaven," and "God" lie before Mr. Ingersoll to be pictured by his skillful derision, but after the artist has drawn his little Puritanic Hebrew and his absurd Heaven, and has painted his little gods, and has limned his own Papal Heaven and Hell, another scene opens and there untarnished are the deep things of right and wrong, the immortal hopes of man, and a Heavenly Father which cannot be placed upon a jester's canvas.

John Leech found the weak points in all English high and low life. The fashions, and sports, and entertainments, and the current politics, underwent for a generation the torture of his pictures, his sketches, his cartoons, but the moment the laugh had ended, the homes of England, the happy social life of rich and poor, the learning and wisdom of her statesmen were back in their place just as the sun is in his place after a noisy thunderstorm has passed by.

Ingersoll's Narrowness Shuts out God, Heaven and Immortality—Infidel Dogmatism.

This narrowness of survey which marks Mr. Ingersoll's estimate of the Hebrew period and of the human Church, follows him in his thoughts about another life and the existence of God. He denies that any regard whatever should be paid to a second life. Heaven deserves no consideration at our hands. He says in his lecture on the Gods: "Reason, observation and experience have taught us

that happiness is the only good; that the time to be happy is now, and the way to be happy is to make others so. This is enough for us. In this belief we are content to live and die." Such assertions as these no broadly-reaching mind could make, for the broad mind, not knowing but that there may be a second life, having no positive information on that point, is bound to admit all that uncertainty, and that hope is a most lawful element in that strange mingling which makes up the soul. As Mr. Ingersoll does not know whence man came, so he knows not whither he goes, and therefore he must himself stand and permit others to stand in the presence of death as in the presence of a great mystery that, at least, should silence all dogmatism of priest or infidel. The logic of the addresses may be fitted for the common jury, but they are too rude for man who is weeping his way along between birth and death.

In some better hour the lawyer forgets his petit jury and addresses the human soul. On the title page of a recent volume he says in substance that: "The dream of immortal life has always existed in the heart of man, and will remain there in all its matchless charms, born not of any book or creed, but out of human affection;" and being not born of reason and sense, he can but reject its hope; he is personally above being molded in thought, or action, by such a fable of the heart. In calling such a dream a fable, he is guilty of that very dogmatism which he so hates in Calvin and Edwards, for if Calvin was too certain that he knew God's will, Mr. Ingersoll is too certain that he knows God not to exist. It often happens that the dogmatism of the bigot must await its exact parallel in the dogmatism of the atheist. The ideas of a future life and a God are thus in these addresses rudely set aside as though this author had shown the real origin and destiny of the Universe, and had found out the secret of the grave.

He would pay no attention to the idea of God. He would not be guilty of any worship in this life. He says: "If by any possibility the existence of a power superior to and independent of nature shall be demonstrated, there will be time enough to kneel. Until then let us stand erect."

In such language we find only a perfect overthrow of the method of the human soul; for the soul has never dared wait for any such certainty in any of the paths before it. It has always been compelled to build up before itself the largest possible motives and hopes, and then live for them and abide the consequences. It is wonderful that a man who will pluck a violet and draw delight from its tender color and still more delicate perfume, will sternly command the human race not to hold in its hands any flower of immortality, lest by chance its leaves may at last wither. If this idea of a future life should at last fail, which seems impossible, the human heart will be all the purer and happier from having held all through these years a lily so sweet and so white.

Logic cannot make such short work of the religious sentiments. Mr. Ingersoll says: "If you can ever find a God, just let me know, and I shall kneel. Until then I shall stand erect." What injustice to that delicate form of reason, which has moved the world for perhaps 10,000 years! We do not propose to find God or a future life. What the world has found long since is the deep hope in a God, and the measureless hope that the dying loved ones of this world will meet in a land that is better. Nobody has come to the human race to let it know that a God has been found, but many have come to it saying: "My dear children, let us trust that all this matchless universe came from a Creator, and that from him we also came." So many and so holy were these voices, and so responsive was the heart, that upon

this trust the living and the dying have knelt and have told their longings to the Invisible. The human race has not been haughty. It has been willing to kneel. Its heart has never been stone, nor its knees brass. It has stood erect in battle where liberty was to be won; it has been as erect as an infidel when a bosom was to be bared for arrows or bullets, or when the neck was to be unclothed for the fatal ax, but in moments of hope and longing it has bent willingly in hope and prayer. The advice of the Addresses not to kneel until you have reached and handled the Creator, is advice that civilization has always spurned, for it has woven all its gorgeous fabrics out of delicate probabilities,—gossamer threads spun by the heart. Fame, and learning, and art, and happiness are all simple possibilities before each youth. He does not dare say, Make me sure of results, and I will gird myself for the present. He casts himself upon the better of two possibilities, and is borne along toward an unknown end. Thus has the human race dealt with the intimations of religion. It has cast itself upon the better hope, and, being at perfect liberty to espouse Atheism, has always repudiated it as being a paralysis of the soul, and a perfect reversal of the common logic of society.

In the World's Great Freedom of Choice, Ingersoll is Counted out!

The world has always been perfectly free to use the form of reasoning which Mr. Ingersoll suggests. No Westminster Assembly, no Calvin compelled the human family from Old Egypt to Greece to think the universe had a Creator. The world has always been free to suppose that such seasons as day and night and spring and summer, such creatures as the nightingale and man, such a star as the sun, all came from mud and water and fire, mingling of their

own accord; but the world has had no wide use for such conclusions. Of its own free choice, it has avoided Atheism, and has never made up anywhere a civilization without discarding the idea of waiting for a demonstration, and without espousing the idea that all noble society reposes upon lofty hopes. Out of beautiful possibilities the soul's garments are woven.

It thus appears that the Addresses are defective as guides for any man's life or death. They constitute a bill of exceptions against certain hard rulings in some local and ignorant courts, but as pleadings in the great tribunal where the whole human family stands assembled, to get the wisest decisions about duty and happiness, and the possibility of there being a God and a second life, the possible value of a hope for the dying—they each and all fall far short. They see only the religion of some fanatic, and think it the religion of Jesus or of mankind. They see a God damning honest men, and conclude that is what is meant by Jehovah. They see a Heaven with some little sect in the midst of it, and speak as though they were what is meant by the immortality of man. They note the follies of the Puritans and Papists, and infer that if there were no religion in the world, there would be no bad judgment or bad passions. They fail, too, to mark the delicacy of man's practical logic, which is not iron-like, waiting for the absolute end of all doubt, but which is bending and hopeful, and stands ready forever to found immense motives, and society, and church, and homes upon the greater and better of two probabilities that lie within this world of cloud. They assert the adequacy of earthly happiness as an end of being, and fail to mark that earthly happiness has always depended upon high morals, and father, and mother, and child, and social life, and all mental development have found their full meaning, until a warm and

broad religion has shed its cheering light. The human race cannot find its supreme good in having a few acres of ground, and in seeing the grass grow, and in hearing the birds sing. These make some days delightful indeed, but man, with his retinue of art, and statesmanship, and morals, and temptations, and virtues, and joys, and sorrows, and partings, and death, demands the assumption of a God, and the expectations of a resurrection from the dust. Under such a temple as society, the foundation must be deep.

To those who read or hear these addresses of Mr. Ingersoll, let me say: Hear them, read them if you wish, for they will show you what a sad caricature of Christianity was that which came down to us from the Dark Ages; but, having thus been taught by an enemy, then dismiss the laughter, and look at religion in the widest forms of its doctrine and experience. We are now warned daily not to follow partisans in politics, because they will eclipse a country by a little chair in office—they will make a village outweigh a continent. These addresses of a talented lawyer warn us equally against trusting the partisans in religion—the dim-eyed zeal which makes a Deity as small as their own hearts, a Bible as cold and as hard as adamant; but now, having been taught to shun partisans in politics and in Christianity, let us learn to resist one more form of partisan—the partisan of an atheism and a hopeless grave. Let us at times laugh with him, let us admire his acuteness, let us confess the honesty of his life, but for our guides or ideas in the world spiritual let us seek some mountain of thought where the survey is broader, and tenderer, and more just, from which height no good lies concealed; but looking from which we can see the great landscape of the soul, some of it bathed in light, some of it lying in shadow, but all of it instructive and full of impressiveness.

DR. RYDER'S REPLY.

In the commencement of this review of Mr. Ingersoll's lecture upon "The Mistakes of Moses," I wish two things distinctly understood: First, that my controversy is not with the man, but with his address; and, second, that he has the same right to advocate his views as I have to advocate mine. On the question of religious liberty we are as one.

Furthermore, I do not wonder that certain minds, having passed through peculiar experiences, become thoroughly disgusted with particular forms of theological thought. My only surprise is that more are not. Such material ideas of the Deity as are sometimes put forth in the name of Christianity; such offensive literalizing as is sometimes applied to the future life, and such thoroughly untenable positions as are sometimes taken as to what the Scriptures actually are, has long been a fruitful cause of infidelity, and will continue to be so as long as they receive the indorsement of any branch of the Christian Church.

But intensity of conviction may degenerate into prejudice, and this prejudice practically unfits one to discuss the subject to which it relates. From what the distinguished lecturer says of himself, of his determination in every address he makes, no matter what the topic, to denounce certain views, and from the specimen of his work now brought

under review, I conclude that Col. Ingersoll occupies just this position.

While, then, the right to speak one's honest thought is thus frankly conceded, and the provocation to employ strong language in reference to certain theological opinions is also conceded, it will be admitted by all candid minds that certain subjects from their very nature, and from interest which they involve, are to be treated with seriousness and fairness. If not so treated, the influence of the discussion is almost certain to be harmful. The lecture under notice, though nominally on the errors of a particular character in the Old Testament, is virtually an assault upon all revealed religion, and especially that contained in the Bible.

Ingersoll's Unfairness—Attributes to Moses Statements not in the Bible.

Now, my first position is this: Whoever publicly attacks the sacred books of the Christian world, and attempts to destroy faith in them, should treat the subject fairly. I regret to say that the lecture does not seem to me so to treat its great theme, but is, on the contrary, a conspicuous illustration of prejudice and unfairness. No small portion of the lecture is unworthy a reply. There is nothing to reply to. Of fair argument there is a lamentable lack,—no inconsiderable portion of the time seems to have been spent in knocking over a man of straw of his own manufacture. If his lecture be regarded simply as an entertainment, it is a success, for the Colonel knows how to amuse an audience as well as the best; but if it were intended to be a fair and able discussion of an important subject, it is not simply a failure, but a failure so obvious as to leave no room for any other opinion. In proof of my statement that the lecture does not treat the topic which it professes to discuss fairly, I offer these specimens as evidence:

The first specimen is: Attributing to Moses language and statements not to be found in any of his writings. Speaking of Moses, he says: "The gentleman who wrote it (Genesis) begins by telling us that God made it (the world) out of nothing." And then he proceeds to ridicule the idea. But Moses says neither that nor anything like it. The lecturer thus misrepresents the very first sentence in the Pentateuch. What Moses says is, that "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." What he created them out of, or when "in the beginning" was, he does not say. The simple thought is that the heavens and the earth were not self-evolved, but were created by the Omnipotent Jehovah.

"You recollect," he says, "that the gods came down and made love to the daughters of men," etc. Where does Moses say that? Plenty of that kind of talk is Grecian and Roman mythology, but what has that to do with "The Mistakes of Moses?" "They built a tower (Babel) to reach the heavens and climb into the abodes of the gods." Another of the Colonel's mistakes. The Tower of Babel was not built for any such purpose. From the frequent references of this kind to the gods in connection with the religion of Moses, it looks as if the lecturer was not aware that the Jews were not particularly in favor of idolatry. Again he says: "There is not one word in the Old Testament about woman except words of shame and humiliation. It did not take the pains to record the death of the mother of us all. I have no respect for any book that does not treat woman as the equal of man."

It is true that Moses does not record the death "of the mother of us all;" but it is also true that the first account of the burial of any person in the book of Genesis is that of a woman, Sarah, the wife of Abraham. Moses simply

says of Adam: "The father of us all," "And he died;" and in a similar summary manner are all the other men disposed of; but when it comes to this woman Sarah, a special lot has to be purchased for her, and secured to the family, so that her remains might not be disturbed; and even now in remembrance of the cave of the field in which she was buried, a certain part of our modern cemeteries is called Machpelah. By the side of this fact how does the declaration look that "there is not one word in the Old Testament about women, except words of shame and humiliation?" Suppose I turn the tables upon the lecturer, and say, I have no respect for any book that does not treat man as the equal of woman. My words, if applied to the Bible, would be hardly less libelous than his.

His Temporary Insanity Occasioned by Heavy Rains—Intellectually Submerged in the Deluge—Damaging Blunders—Ingersoll up the Wrong Mountain.

My second specification is that he not only makes Moses say what he does not say, but he frequently misrepresents what he does say. I name these particulars: First, in speaking of the flood, he gives the impression that, according to the Scriptural account, all the water that covered the earth and inundated it came out of the clouds in the form of rain. He says: "And then it began to rain, and it kept on raining until the water went twenty-nine feet over the highest mountains. How deep were these waters? About five and a half miles. How long did it rain? Forty days. How much did it have to rain a day? About 800 feet." Now what are the facts? In the verse which precedes the one which says, "And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights," we have this record,—Gen., vii., ii.—"In the 600th year of Noah's life, in the second month, the 17th day of

the month, the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened." Why did not the lecturer mention this statement of the "breaking up of the fountains of the great deep," which is generally supposed to refer to the upheaval or subsidance of some large body or bodies of land, perhaps to portions of this western continent, and is considered to have been the principal cause of the deluge? Why omit the supposed principal cause of the deluge, unless it was his purpose to make out a case without regard to the facts?

Furthermore, what authority has he for saying that the ark rested on the top of a mountain seventeen thousand feet high, and that the water upon the earth was "five and a half miles deep?" Has he committed the ignorant blunder of confounding Agri-Dagh with the hilly district to which the name was formerly applied? The lofty peak that now bears the name of Ararat has no such designation in Biblical history, and it is the name given to it in comparatively modern times. The Bible record is: "Fifteen cubits upwards did the waters prevail." The Hebrew cubit is about twenty-two inches. If we may trust the conclusions of science, deluges have been no unusual events in the history of this globe. Most of the land, if not all of it, no matter how high at present, has been at some time submerged. Whatever one may think about the accuracy of the narrative in reference to the building of the ark and the uses to which it was put, there is certainly no physical improbability in the statement that that part of the earth which was then above water was thoroughly inundated.

Again, the gentleman makes merry over what he calls the "rib story," and imagines two persons before the bar of God, one believing the "rib story" and the other denying it. The believer of it is accepted by the Judge as belonging

in Heaven, and the denier of it as belonging in Hell. And this he puts before the public as Bible doctrine—as if any man of common sense, whether Jew or Gentile, ever defended so ridiculous a theory. As a further specimen of this unfairness, I present you this: "Do you believe the real God—if there is one—ever killed a man for making hair oil? And yet you find in the Pentateuch that God gave Moses a receipt for making hair oil to grease Aaron's beard; and said if anybody made the same hair oil he would be killed."

There could hardly be written a more complete misrepresentation and perfect caricature of the whole subject than this. The reference in Scripture is to an anointing oil, to be applied, not simply to the persons of the priests, but to the sacred vessels as well; and, thus anointed, they were set apart for what they regarded as holy uses. But if this custom which Mr. Ingersoll seeks to hold up to ridicule, was simply Jewish, there would be some show or plausibility for talking about it as he does; but he has not even that to justify his attack. For this custom of using anointing oils in connection with religious services, and sacred persons, and utensils, was common among the idolatrous nations, and even conspicuous among the rites of the Romans. And even now one often meets with the spirit of the same custom. I do not know whether the Colonel is a member of the Masonic fraternity, but he must have seen representatives of that ancient Order pour out anointing oil upon the corner-stone of some building which they were engaged in laying. Why not ridicule that, and why not also ridicule the beautiful custom of that Order of dropping upon the uncovered coffin of a deceased member the little sprigs of evergreen that the brethren bear in their hands as they march around his open grave? It is easy to see that with reference to every such custom, however sacred, one who

takes the naked fact apart from its associations, may find abundant material for ridicule. But whether a fair-minded man will allow himself to treat any serious subject in that manner, is a question upon which there is no occasion that I should pronounce judgment. Mr. Ingersoll makes a similar blunder in what he says about the custom of sacrificing doves for the use of priests, since the practice did not exist among the Hebrews until hundreds of years after the event which he seeks to ridicule.

Top-Heavy—Too Broad a Structure Reared on a Too Narrow Base.

My third specification is, that he treats a particular interpretation of the Bible as the undisputed word of God. He assumes that this or that is Bible doctrine because somebody may at some time have taught it, and then denounces the whole Bible as unworthy the respect of mankind. This feature of the address runs through the whole of it. But, in this respect, candor compels me to say his method is that of Thomas Paine in his "Age of Reason," and of a certain class, but not the better class, of so-called infidel writers. Mr. Paine reproved the w orld for believing what he showed to be unreasonable doctrines, and called upon the people to throw away their Bibles for teaching such sentiments; but it was Mr. Paine, and not the Bible that was in fault, for the doctrines which he shed so much ink to condemn are not taught in the Bible. Mr. Ingersoll's method is precisely the same. If he wishes to hold up to the contempt of mankind certain doctrines that some sect may have believed, or even does believe, let him announce his subject, keep to his text, and go ahead; but to go from place to place, exhorting the people everywhere to throw away their Bibles, under the pretense that these representa-

tions of his are the undisputed word of God, is simply an outrage upon the Christian public, and unworthy any man who claims to be fair-minded.

Mr. Ingersoll's references to the clergy disappoint me. He speaks of them as if they were a set of fools, and does not add that they are all graduates of prisons, and a pack of scoundrels generally. To which gentlemanly references we need only say, that in this slanderous speech he is guilty of the same offense against fairness and good breeding that is committed by any nominal Christian who, either through blindless or perversity, can see nothing good in the services of the distinguished infidels of history, and who, to prejudice the public against them, resort to the mean subterfuge of misrepresenting their positions, and telling falsehoods about them. If any man, in an address before this community, should treat the writings of Voltaire as shabbily as Mr. Ingersoll has treated the writings of Moses,—and as to that, the entire Bible,—the Colonel would have to go outside the Psalms of David to find imprecations to express his contempt. His references to Andover have, of course, nothing to do with "The Mistakes of Moses," but they relate to an important subject, and are a pertinent illustration of the eminent unfairness of the general address. This is what he says: "They have in Massachusetts, at a place called Andover, a kind of minister factory; and every Professor in that factory takes an oath in every five years that, so help him God, he will not during the next five years intellectually advance; and probably there is no oath he could easier keep. They believe the same creed they first taught when the foundation stone was laid, and now, when they send out a minister they brand him, as hardware from Birmingham and Sheffield. And every man who knows where he was educated knows his creed, knows every argument of his creed, every book that he has read, and just

what he amounts to intellectually, and knows that he will shrink and shrivel and become more and more stupid day after day until he meets with death."

My personal sympathy with the Andover Theological School is not, as you may suppose, very deep and ardent. I respect the generosity and self-sacrifice of the five noble minds—one of whom was a woman—that founded the institution in 1807, and the aid which it has given to liberal and exact scholarship. On the whole, I do not like the rule to which Mr. Ingersoll refers. Probably many of those in charge of the institution do not. I understand it to be a custom contingent upon certain endowments made long ago, and which is observed as a matter of form. But the rule is not fairly open to the objection that Mr. Ingersoll makes against it. First, it simply relates to the theological professors, and does not concern the students. Second, it compels no man to take it who does not wish to. The University says, in effect, we believe in certain doctrines; we desire the instruction of this institution to be in accordance with these ideas. Can you conscientiously teach them? If so, we wish you; if not, we do not wish you. But if you come to us, you are not compelled to remain, but can go where you will, and when you will, and teach what you please; but so long as you remain in the service of this institution we expect you to carry out the purposes of its founders. What is there in this that is particularly narrow and dementing? But the Colonel repudiates his own positions. He says: "The common school is the bread of life, but there should be nothing taught in the school except what somebody knows; anything else should not be maintained by a system of general taxation."

Ingersoll's Inconsistency!

But, let us inquire, who is to decide "what somebody knows?" Practically, the answer is, the people, or their

representatives, in school boards, committees, etc. They select the text-books, and they expect instructors whom they engage to follow them, for the text-books are assumed to embody what is true on the subjects to which they relate. What would the lecturer say of a teacher in one of our public schools who should to-day teach the rejected doctrine that the sun revolves about the earth? What, but this: turn him out and put some one in his place who teaches the truth—which, being interpreted, means, teaches according to the authorized text-books. Why, on the very occasion of the lecture itself, after the Colonel had denounced Andover for pledging loyalty to certain doctrines, and which act he characterizes as so harmful to freedom of thought, he himself demands of the people whom he is addressing that they will never support a certain form of doctrine, nor give money to aid in building any church in which they are taught. His language is: "I would have every one who hears me swear that he will never contribute another dollar to build another church in which is taught such infamous lies." Mark you, not simply a pledge for five years, but they are never to change their views. My friends, is there no such thing as consistency in belief? Is one a bigot because he says, This is what I believe, and this, therefore, I defend? Are these men to be ridiculed and assailed, and only those who shirk such responsibility to be held up as patterns and guides? Brethren, I am not speaking of some sophomoric oration, but about the deliberate thought of a man who has made himself famous in this line of labor, and of whom our townsman who gracefully introduced him said, "a man who does his own thinking, and who thinks before he says." Now, of every such man it is safe to say, he knows that organization is essential to the welfare of society, and is perfectly consistent with liberty of thought. The free-thinkers of this country are organized as well as others;

and it is their right to be if they have anything to teach or defend. A Christian combination, against which some people hurl their anathemas, is simply the grouping together of those who have a similar mind and purpose, the better to do this work which they have in common. Of course there has been in connection with some of these denominations a fearful amount of bigotry. When we come to that topic we are quite at home. Bigotry is no friend of ours: we owe him no service. The denomination which this church represents has received from the dominant sects about us a pretty large share of persecution and abuse. But, for all that, we do not propose to follow the lecturer's example and call our brethren hard names, simply because they apply such epithets to us.

He Has no Poetry in His Soul; Ergo, etc.

My fourth specification is, that he misrepresents the writings of Moses, and, as to that, the entire Bible, by treating its metaphoric language as literal statements.

Think of a man, in this age of light, speaking of the pictured representation of the Old Testament in this way: "They believed that an angel could take a lever, raise a window, and let out the desired quantity of moisture. I find out in the Psalms that he bowed the heavens and came down." I wonder if the gentleman can see anything but mere literalism in this passage? "As the mountains round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth, even forever." Like other nations, the Hebrews have their patriotic, descriptive, didactic, and lyrical poems in the same varieties as other nations; but with them, unlike other nations, whatever may be the form of their poetry, it always possesses the characteristic of religion. Even their patriotic songs are a part of their religion. The Jews have taught the world its devotional poetry. If there is to be

found anywhere conceptions of the Deity and of the universe more remarkable for their sublimity and grandeur than are met with in the sacred books of the Jews, I know not where to look for them. Certainly when they are compared with the religious poems of other countries, most nearly contemporaneous, as those of Homer and Hesiod, they are so vastly superior as to lead to the belief that, if the poets of idolatrous Greece drew their inspiration from human genius and learning, those of Judea had a higher illumination.

Additional Misrepresentations.

My fifth specification is, that the representation given in the lecture of the Hebrews as a people, is almost wholly incorrect, both as to the work undertaken by them and the effect of that work upon mankind.

We have no disposition to shut our eyes to the ignorance, cruelty and superstition of the Hebrew race in the early periods of their history. There was but little in them that gave the promise of a great nation when Moses led them out of Egypt. They were low in the scale of civilization. Many of the things done by them we cannot justify, and we are not required to do so. But what arrests our attention is, that almost from the first they show a gradual improvement in their condition, and finally reach that proud pre-eminence when Jerusalem became the Athens of its day. There are two points of view from which to judge of the early history of any people: one is, to compare it with that of contemporary nations, and the other is, to compare it with our own time. It is manifest that the former is the proper basis of judgment. Consider, then, as already intimated, who the people were that Moses thus led out of Egypt. Reflect that they were but children in intelligence, and that the higher forms of thought had but little influence over them; and that if they were held to the law of duty,

and organized into a nation, it must be by such material forms and simple customs as they could comprehend. Reflect, furthermore, that these people had been brought up in the midst of idolatry, and that in leaving Egypt they did not get away from its influences, but that, wherever they went, they were assailed by it; that idolatry was almost the universal form of worship, and that it was a mighty task to educate these people in the doctrine of the one only living and true God, and hold them to it. Reflect, furthermore, that to secure this end much might then be done which, under the circumstances, would be at least excusable, that should not be done now. Fairness requires that we consider whether the custom originated with the Jews themselves, and what was its spirit and purpose.

Prominent mention is made in the lecture of polygamy in connection with the Jews, and one would infer from what he says that the custom of plurality of wives originated with them, and that it was a custom peculiar to them. This is his language: "Is there a woman here who believes in the institution of polygamy? Is there a man here who believes in that infamy? You say 'no, we do not.' Then you are better than your God was 4,000 years ago. Four thousand years ago he believed in it, taught it, and upheld it." The facts appear to be these: Polygamy has existed from time immemorial. Even in the Homeric age of the Greeks it prevailed to some extent, and, though not known in republican Rome, it practically prevailed under the Empire, owing to the prevalence of divorce; but in what we call the Eastern nations the custom has been almost universal, being sanctioned by all religions, including that of Mohammedanism. In this regard the Hebrews, to a certain extent, followed the prevalent custom viz: the law of Moses did not forbid it, but did contain many provisions against its worst abuses, and such as were intended to

restrict it within narrow limits; and, as the spirit of the Hebrew religion advanced the civilization of the nation, the practice more and more fell into disuse, until it finally died out; and in the glimpses of Jewish life which the New Testament gives us, there are no traces of it discernible. Since the Hebrew race the world over, for some 2,000 years, has as much as any other people discountenanced such practices, though still firmly believing in Moses as the prophet of God, it is clear that they do not consider polygamy any part of the Jewish system, but a custom permitted for a season because so universally practiced by the surrounding nations.

Doctor Ryder Propounds a Question.

But just here comes in a question of high importance. If there is nothing in Judaism to exalt woman—and every reference to her in their sacred books is one of "humiliation and shame"—how happens it that the Jews discarded the custom of polygamy some two thousand years ago, while the practice still prevails among the nations of the East, and notably in Mohammedanism, which, in so many respects, takes the external form of Judaism? The truth is, that great injustice has been done to the real religion of the Hebrews, by both Christians and unbelievers. We have judged it too exclusively by the Mosaic law, and the mere letter of it at that. Real Judaism is not the Old Testament, but that which has come out of it—the result of its growth, and the expansion of its inherent forces. Long before the advent of our Lord the Mosaic law had virtually given way to the Jewish religion, and it is that religion, the spirit of which in the beginning so largely came from the great law-giver himself that has had three thousand years of existence to certify its right to live, and which to-day assigns it a most honorable place among the religions of humanity. And in

dismissing this branch of our subject, it seems pertinent to inquire, where did Moses obtain his religious ideas? The Egyptians had reached high advancement in the arts and sciences in the time of Moses, but their degradation in reference to religion is unmistakable. It is said of Moses that he "was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and deeds;" and he was no doubt greatly aided by what he had learned from them, but it seems too evident to admit of discussion that he did not get his religious ideas from that source. Whence came they? But, whatever may be our answer to this question, there can be, it seems to me, but one opinion as to the respect due to the illustrious religious leader who has made upon the race so profound an impression for good.

The five specifications now before you cover the evidence we offer of the correctness of our general proposition, viz.: that the address upon "The Mistakes of Moses," is a conspicuous illustration of prejudice and unfairness.

Ingersoll Admits His Sad Need of Inspiration.

Col. Ingersoll uses this language: "Nothing needs inspiration but a falsehood or a mistake. A fact never went into partnership with a miracle." "A fact will fit every other fact in the universe, and that is how you can tell whether or not it is a fact." Suppose we test this rule. How about good and evil, truth and error, the mysterious and the evident, divine sovereignty and human freedom, heat and cold, art and asceticism, economy and benevolence, government and freedom, each of which is an undisputed fact, but each two facts that we thus group together no more fit each other than the centripetal and centrifugal forces, which, acting in opposite directions, hold the universe together? My friends, there is a recognizable distinction between the knowable and unknowable. But the line that separates the two is

not sharply defined. The border land between them seems sometimes near and at other times very far away. The realm beyond the knowable is the realm of mystery, and out of it come some of the most potential forces that sway our lives. What we call the knowable is those things that can be demonstrated—can be proved to be true by a practical method. But consider how small a portion of our real life is covered by any such form of real evidence. For neither our affections, nor our tastes, nor our judgments, nor our beliefs, nor our ambitions, nor the higher expressions of our moral natures, can be thus demonstrated. They do not in any way depend upon the classification of facts in nature, but are cognizable by our consciousness, and are so widely operative in our daily life, that it almost seems as if what we call the knowable never touches us at all.

Science has nothing to say about, or to do with, either morals, religion, benevolence, duty, or inspiration. The sources of life, the cause of thought, of affection, passion, hope, and love, are all incomprehensible to science, and will remain so till the end of time. "There is no science of the soul, any more than there is a prayer in mathematics." How utterly, then, does one misapprehend and misstate the real facts of human experience, who teaches that "nothing needs inspiration but a falsehood, or a mistake," and that one is to accept nothing as true which cannot be demonstrated. How much wiser and how much better are the words of St. Augustine, when he says: "God exists more truly than he can be thought of; He can be thought of more truly than he can be spoken of." For myself, I reverently believe that the Bible contains a revelation from God. I say contains a revelation from God, not that it is in itself such a revelation, for the Bible, as such, was not revealed. The inspiration that breathes through its pages is of some of the things written, but not of all; the inspiration is rather of the

thought, purpose, the leadings of God, than of the letter in which they are expressed. There is, to my mind, no appeal from the words of Christ once satisfied that he uttered the sayings which are attributed to Him in the Gospels, and they are, to me at least, infallibly true, and literally "the words of eternal life."

Ingersoll's "Religion of Humanity" All Right Except the Religion.

The influence of such an address is to completely destroy the religious faith which the people now have, and give them nothing in return. It is true Mr. Ingersoll commends to his hearers "the religion of humanity." But what does he mean by it? The answer is, he means simply Atheism, which is virtually the rejection of all religion, since it is the denial of the being of God himself. Now with God dethroned, the name religion has no further use. What, then, is the religion of humanity to those who deny the existence of God, and leave everything either to chance or inexorable law? One might infer from the assumption of these Atheistic teachers that free-thinkers are the only people who have any religion of humanity, or who practice it. The general impression made by the Colonel's lecture is that Christians are a bad lot—mean, hypocritical, demented kind of folks; and that bright and progressive people, such as "have brains" (though it does not require a large supply of that article to qualify one to ridicule another person's religion) and "do their own thinking," reject all such absurdities as revealed religion, and are governed by some sort of a higher law.

Now that this view of human nature, so complimentary and congenial, withal, is "quite taking" is very likely true. One likes to be patted on the back in this way, and be called "progressive," and not hide-bound like those old

fogies, and stupid theological graduates, and owlish ministers, and such sort of folks. But somehow it does not seem to stay upon the public stomach after it is taken. For this is just the kind of talk in which noisy infidels have indulged for the past 300 years. "Christianity is virtually extinct," they say, "and now we are to have a new order of things." But, for some reason, Christianity does not die, and the world moves forward in much the old way."

The truth is, some things seem very well as declamation that utterly elude you when you attempt to embody them in vital forms. As theories they look well, but in practice they are worthless. They are as beautiful as foam and just as substantial. Where are the monuments of free religion? In the struggle for religious liberty in France I recognize the powerful influence of Voltaire; and an advocacy of a true democracy in this country, very few, if any, did more by their pen than Thomas Paine; but, aside from these general benefits to society, where are the testimonies of the work they wrought? What did they do for the more perfect organization of society, and for the elevation and purity of the public morals? I repeat, where are the monuments of this free religion? Has it nothing to show in its own behalf but slanderous assertions? And has its most distinguished advocate in this country degenerated into a jesting scoffer? Who built the institutions of learning throughout the Christian world, and who supports them? Who organized the institutions of charity, and who sustains them? I repeat, this "religion of humanity," whatever that may be, does well enough to talk about, but, somehow, when there is solid work to be done nobody wants it, and somehow, nobody seems to do or pay much towards supporting it. The leading universities in Germany that did so much forty years ago in disseminating Rationalism are now comparatively empty, while those of the religious

schools are patronized. To-day every prominent university in Germany except that in Heidelberg is controlled in the interests of revealed religion, and Heidelberg has but very few theological students left. And, if one may judge of the effects of teaching by the deportment of those taught, it will be, I think, nearly the unanimous opinion of travelers that they are very badly instructed, for a prominent part of the business of the students of that institution seems to be to get up quarrels with each other and with the public, and fight duels. The truth is, that the sober second thought of the thinking world has shut its "colossal shears" upon the theories of Bauer, Strauss, and Renan, and no wisdom of man will ever reunite the dissevered fragments.

Dr. Ryder tells a Little Story for the Sake of Illustration.

How strange it is that nearly all the world should be such simpletons, and that human nature persists in exploding all these fine theories that have no real religion in them. But then, you know, some people are wise in their own conceits. Let me relate an incident: "An eminent lawyer had in court a very clear case. After presenting an array of testimony, law, and precedents that he thought was unanswerable, he submitted his case. To his utter astonishment, the Judge, who was bigotedly and dogmatically on the opposite side in prejudice, decided every point of the case against him. After he had recovered from his amazement, he arose and proceeded to read Blackstone and leading jurists, the statute law, and judicial decisions, flatly contradicting the decision of the Court. The Judge pompously interrupted him with: 'That will do you no good; the mind of the court is made up; cannot change it.' The lawyer replied: 'I have no expectation of changing the opinion of the court. I do not question the infallibility and the infallible accuracy of its decision. I only want to show what consum-

mate fools Blackstone, Kent, and all jurists, our legislators, and all the judges, except the judge of this court, must have been.'"

Friends of humanity, lovers of the truth as it is in Jesus, can we afford to trifle with such a momentous issue as this? Is there nothing sacred, nothing but the mere husk of things in which it is safe for us to place our faith? Is there no permanent joy this side the grave, and only the blackness of darkness beyond? Is the religion in which so many millions trust simply a delusion, and the God whom we adore merely a myth? If so, why are we in this world, and what is this world? What is anything for but to lure us into disappointment?

Nay, we believe in God, the Father everlasting, and in Jesus Christ, His Son. In the love which They awaken, we desire to live; and in the trust which They inspire, we hope to die.

DR. HERFORD'S REPLY.

All through my life I have felt a very deep sympathy for those who have become alienated from Christianity by the irrational and unworthy things often taught in its name. It seems such a miserable, gratuitous loss, as if there was not enough to make even the purest faith often dim and doubtful without it being made more so by the follies of those who should strengthen men in it! But so it is. And of course one cannot expect men in that strong reaction to be very discriminating in what they attack. But there are limits! A man is not absolved from the duty of thinking and speaking fairly by having come to reject the popular opinions of society. Now it seems to me that this recent lecture of Col. Ingersoll's overpasses all just limits. I frankly own its brilliant eloquence, its irresistible humor, and the passionate impulses of tender human sympathy which flash out in it. I can quite understand many being carried along by these. But afterward has to come the sober thinking and the honest questioning. What does it amount to? Are its positions true? Are its arguments fair? It seems to me that they are glaringly the opposite. The whole test that he applies to his subject is a mistake; the way in which he applies it is not even moderately just; its representations are one-sided; its illustrations are caricature. And the worst of all is that there is no sign even of any desire or attempt to be fair!

The Ingersoll Paradox.

The first of Col. Ingersoll's mistakes, is in the whole point of view in which he places the Bible in order to make it the easier target for his wit. He starts by repudiating any idea of its having been written by God's inspiration; and yet all through talks as if God were responsible for it—as if God had said this and threatened that—and becomes quite heroic in his declaration that God may damn him, but he won't believe such things! When once inspiration is put aside, such declarations are mere clap-trap! When you look through all this, you find that in reality he simply regards the Bible as the work, the ideas of men. Very well; then take it so, and judge it fairly in that light! If the book of Genesis is, as Col. Ingersoll believes, the writings and the ideas of ancient men, then do not attack it because the ideas are not those of men to-day. But that is what he is constantly doing. He is very fond of saying, "The question is not, is it inspired, but is it true?" That sounds very plausible, but you know, as applied to any ancient book, it is simply nonsense. It is a test which you don't apply to any other ancient book in the world. You do not try Homer's "Iliad" by the test of whether it is true. When a clay tablet is dug up at Nineveh, or a papyrus is found in some mummy-wrappings, you don't ask, Is it true? and if not, throw it away. The question about all such things is not, "Are they true?" but "Are they genuine relics and representations of the thought of the ancient world?" By-and-by indeed will come the question, how far any records or statements in such ancient writings can be taken to throw light on actual history—how far their statements are allegorical or poetical, or mere ancient tradition? Well and good. And by all means let those questions be applied to Genesis; apply them just as you would to any other ancient

writings; but in the name of common fairness don't pick it to pieces by a minute verbal criticism, and a strained liberality which would only be justifiable on the ground of its being verbally inspired. That is a mistake which may be merely a mental confusion, but a graver one lies beyond.

Ingersoll's Exaggerations and False Assertions.

Mr. Ingersoll not only applies a kind of test to the book of Genesis which he would not think of applying to any other book, but he does not even apply his own test fairly. He stands upon the very letter, but he constantly misrepresents and twists the letter. He exaggerates, makes things worse than they are; if he can make a bad meaning anyhow he does so. He says: "The gentleman that wrote Genesis begins by telling us that God made the universe out of nothing." It does not say so. It simply says: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." A little further on he makes great fun of the grass being created on the second day, while the sun was not created till the third day, so that the grass was growing without having "ever been touched by a gleam of light." Yet right before him were these words, at the beginning of all: "And God said, let there be light, and there was light." Of course, the whole idea is that of the world's childhood, but why strain a point to make it ridiculous? It is a far worse perversion where he says: "You will find by reading the second chapter that God tried to palm off on Adam a beast as his helpmeet." Now there is absolutely no justification for such a representation. The whole thing is a gratuitious invention of his own. These are small verbal matters, but they show the utter unscrupulousness with which those ancient traditions are exaggerated and distorted to make better point for his ridicule.

And then, even in larger things, he cannot be decently

fair, though the explaining truth may lie on the very surface. He quotes the first part of the command against making any graven image, and then goes off into one of its tirades about that being a law which was "the death of all art" among the Jews. Not a word about the closing part of the command—really the essence of it: "Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them!" Why, even if it were as he implies, that Moses utterly prohibited all the art of sculpture, the making of idols being merely one part, still, which was of most importance to the world—that the Jews should have cultivated art a little more, or that they should, even at the cost of art altogether, be kept from idolatry? But then Mr. Ingersoll is not even true in his fact. The command was only understood as a command against idol-making, not against other forms of sculpture, and the best proof of this is that they did have other forms of sculpture even in Moses' time, and later had art of no ignoble kind. Even there in the wilderness we read how the sacred ark was by Moses' command shadowed over by the images of two cherubim, with outstretched wings made of pure gold, and the candlestick was made with branches which were shaped like almonds, alternately a bud and a flower. And later, when Solomon built the temple, we not only read of two similar cherubim, but of colossal size, extending their wings over the shrine, but also that "he carved all the walls of the house round about with carved figures of cherubim and palm-trees and open flowers;" while in his own palace we read of sculptured pillars, with pomegranate capitals, and images of oxen and lions, round the great brazen "laver."

Or, take his representation of Christians thinking of Heaven as a place where their happiness will be enhanced by seeing the tortures of the damned. Here he rises to the height of his most fiery indignation. And it is a horrible idea. But then, who holds it—who preaches it? It is an

idea of Heaven that was prevalent among one sect of Christians a century ago. But even they have not preached it for a century. And yet he says, without a word of limitation, "This is the Christian view of Heaven," and makes a powerful appeal to his hearers not to give a "dollar to any man to preach that falsehood." Why, there is not a church in all the land where he could find a man preaching that to give his dollar to; no, not even if the person were only a stump politician, turned preacher in the slack season between campaigns.

And the same of his representation of the attitude of Christianity toward those who do not believe in the early traditions of Genesis. He represents Christianity as teaching that any man who does not believe the "rib story" will go to Hell, however good he was in other respects. Is that an honest representation? Why, even if all orthodoxy preached that, orthodoxy is not all of Christianity. Has Col. Ingersoll ever heard of Channing and Parker and Starr King? Are the bodies of the Unitarian church, the Universalists, the Christians, the Quakers, not worth a passing word? Did he not know when he put that champion joke about the "rib story" that he was representing as the teaching of the churches what many entire churches, and the best men in all churches, never have held, nor preached, nor countenanced in any way? Yet he comes rampaging into the field, with a whoop and a yell, brandishing his shillelah, defying Christianity, calling ministers "owls" and "idiots," and swooping round as if he were the first who had found out a little common sense about the Bible! But after all, the real matter at issue is not as to this or that exaggerated or unfair criticism of the Old Testament, but has it any real, substantial worth? It has. It gives us the origin of the world's noblest religious faith; it shows us the purest faith of to-day in its first roots in the far-off ancient world;

and so I think it strengthens our conviction that that faith is not a temporary or isolated thing that may be mistaken, but part of that long development of man which surely corresponds to the truth and fact of the universe.

Dr. Herford's Story of Moses, with an Apt Illustration—The Germinal Power of the Pentateuch.

When I hear people treating the Pentateuch as something they would like to see done away, I cannot help wishing that it could be dug up afresh in these days of curious research into the past. Why, suppose that the Jews had no such books; and had not known anything of their origin except a vague tradition of some sort of migration under one Moses, and curiously fitting to this the Egyptian tradition—which is, you know, that some thirteen hundred years before Christ a great multitude of people had gone out of Egypt led by an Egyptian priest, who taught them many things contrary to the Egyptian religion, and afterward changed his name to Moses. Well, supposing then these books of the Pentateuch should be discovered somewhere—why, the world would go wild over them. What would it matter whether it could be settled that Moses did or did not write them—or that possibly they were really not written till centuries after, and only preserved what was believed about him at that later date—still the fact would remain that they take us by traditions, at any rate, so much further back into the past, and show us there one of the very noblest stories of the world;—for that is what the story of Moses is. Take off all the discount you will for exaggeration—I dare say the numbers are immensely exaggerated—suppose the idea of his having been led by God speaking to him to have been only his own intense consciousness of what was best, ascribed to God; suppose the idea of his having been helped by miracles to have been only his own reverent

impression, ascribing every trouble that came on Egypt, and every favoring circumstance to his own people, to some purposed and direct help from God; all that does not touch the essence of the story of Moses! There it stands—how those Hebrews through many generations had sunk into the Pariah and Helot class of that great rich Egyptian civilization; and how at last this Moses rose up, to rally them to a mighty effort to get right away into some other land. He had been somehow brought up among the Egyptians, trained in the sacred city, educated among the priests—an adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter—but he had given it all up, identified himself with his down-trodden people, and at last won for them the liberty *to go!* And they went out—out into the great desert waste. What does it matter that the tradition of their numbers got perhaps enormously exaggerated? If there were only a hundredth part—thirty thousand instead of three millions in all—there were quite enough to task their leader's fortitude to its utmost; and through those books we have at least very living glimpses of him, in his efforts to keep them from grumbling and getting disheartened; in his efforts to keep them true to his simple teaching of the one Almighty God; in his lonely hours when he was listening for the eternal word, and shaping his best thoughts which he believed came to him from God, into laws for his people. And there is the great fact, you know—however he did it—he *did* guide and lead them through that long migration, and at last brought them to the land from which their fathers had gone out long before, and bade them go in and possess it! And that multitude whom he led out of Egypt a race of slaves, servile with long oppression, at every difficulty talking of going back, he had in that forty years knit into a brave, hardy, fierce race—who did go in and possess the land and became the progenitors of one of the world's noblest races. That is the story of Moses

—just the barest skeleton of it—taking one, the largest, most unmistakable features; and I say again there is no finer story in history. And what will you say of a man who will make fun of it?

Why, what would you think of a man who would go around the country, making fierce fun of Abraham Lincoln, holding up his gaunt, lank figure to ridicule, burlesquing his speeches, denouncing as lies some of those quaint little anecdotes, and holding him up as a fool and an idiot? And yet that glorious work that makes Lincoln's name dear—not to Americans only but to the lovers of freedom and of man in every nation—that work of his was only the modern counterpart of what Moses did in the morning of the world!

But the Pentateuch is most valuable, not for the light it throws upon the origin of a people, but for the light it throws upon the origin of ideas. In the teachings of Moses, in the religion of that little migrating tribe, by-and-by fighting for its foothold in Palestine, we have the beginings of those thoughts from which have sprung the three greatest, most living religions of the world—Judaism, Christianity and Mahommedanism. Granted, the beginnings are only rude, is that any reason for making fun of them? What would you think of a man who should take one of those rude urns that they dig out of the mound builder's graves and put it side by side with some beautiful porcelain of to-day, and scoff and sneer at those early dwellers on the earth because the best decoration they could make was a few rude scratches in the clay with their flint-knives?

Already, even so far off, the idea of one Almighty God, that which the priests of Egypt held as a sacred mystery—if they *did* hold it—that leader of the Hebrews taught his people as the truth for all, and the truth to be kept evermore before them. Already, too, in the old world, where every race shaped out its thought of God in some idol form,

that leader was giving them as the second of his great commands that they should make no idol images at all to worship. Already, too, they had that idea of a God of Righteousness! True, their idea of righteousness was not yet very high, but the best they knew they ascribed to God. Where in all the ancient world will you find such a description of Deity as that which Moses brought with him out of the solitudes of Sinai?—"The Lord; the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering and abundant in goodness and truth; keeping mercy for thousands, bearing with iniquity, transgression and sin, but that will by no means clear the guilty."

The Mosaic Religion of Humanity.

Nor is this divine side of that old Hebrew religion all. Mr. Ingersoll is very strong on the religion of humanity. Indeed, that is the only real religion, he says. Well, where did the religion of humanity begin? Why, it began there—among those same old Hebrews. The religion of a truer thought of God and of a better thought of man went together even in their beginnings, as they did afterward when they both reached their culmination together in Christ, with His great teaching of love to God and love to man.

Mr. Ingersoll, however, has nothing but the bitterest contempt for the morality of the Pentateuch, because it is behind the morality of to-day! "See, you are better than your God," he cries; "for four thousand years ago He believed in polygamy, and you don't!" The truth of which simply is that four thousand years ago polygamy existed among the Jews, as everywhere else on earth then, and even their prophets do not come to the idea of its being wrong. But what is there to be indignant about in that? Simply men—whom Mr. Ingersoll regards, in other lectures, as having come up from the brutes—had then got only so far

in their ideas of marriage. But if their religion is a good one, what do you expect to find it doing? Altogether altering, even so early, the marriage relation, or purifying and elevating it? Surely this is all we can look for, and this we find. I know that Mr. Ingersoll says: "There is not one word about woman in the Old Testament, except the words of shame and humiliation." Well, though he says he has read the Bible over again this year, I can only conclude he has read it very hurriedly and slightly, for not only are there such passages as that of Naomi and Ruth, the Shunamite woman, Hannah, the mother of Samuel, and that most beautiful picture at the close of the book of Proverbs of a good wife, but I think that throughout woman is spoken of in the Bible, not as the slave, but as the companion and the helpmate. The "wise-hearted women" share the work of making that goodliest of the tents which was in the desert wanderings to be the tabernacle; Miriam, the sister of Moses, holds the place of a prophetess, and other prophetesses we read of; and the whole law of marriage in the Pentateuch, with its stern punishment of death for adultery, either on the part of man as well as woman, shows the process of elevation towards that higher law of one wife and one husband which had become universal by the time of Christ.

Or take the slavery question again. Slavery was universal in the ancient world. Men had not come anywhere to a sense of any inherent wrongfulness in it for a thousand years or two after the time of Moses. But mark where this finer humanity of the Mosaic religion comes in; it already brings glimpses of the idea of an inalienable right to liberty—though not a perfect sight of it. The law of the Pentateuch abounds with laws about the relation of master and slave, which, as compared with what we know of slavery, *e. g.*, among the Greeks and Romans a thousand years later, were simply a marvel of noble humanized thought.

And then as to the general tone and character of that Mosaic law. Mr. Ingersoll pooh-poohs the Ten Commandments as merely what men knew before; knew all along. But such a law as this: "Thou shalt not have in thy bag divers weights, a great and a small; but thou shalt have a perfect and just weight—a perfect and just measure shalt thou have—for all that do such things, and all that do unrighteously, are an abomination unto the Lord thy God;" and this: "If a man shall steal an ox or a sheep he shall restore five oxen for an ox and four sheep for a sheep;" and this: "Ye shall have one manner of law, as well for the stranger as for one of your own country, for I am the Lord your God;" and this: "Thou shalt not oppress an hired servant that is poor and needy—whether he be of thy brethren, or of the strangers that are in the land; at his day thou shalt give him his hire; neither shall the sun go down upon it, for he is poor and setteth his heart upon it." There is a good deal of the religion of humanity about these, isn't there?

And other laws come in here and there with such a kind consideration for poverty and need. When a man harvested he must not reap the corners of his field, nor gather up the gleanings, and if he forgot a sheaf and left it in the field he must not go again and fetch it. "Thou shalt leave them for the poor and the stranger." And this: "When a man hath taken a new wife he shall not go out to war, neither shall he be charged with any business; but he shall be free at home one year and shall cheer up his wife whom he hath taken." And even in regard to war—in which certainly they were fierce enough—what a gleam of kindness comes in in that command that when they were besieging a city they must not cut down the fruit trees about it for their war purposes, but only trees that they knew were not for fruit. Why, I might go on for an hour quoting these

more merciful laws and showing you the large, grand thoughts of duty that pervade that whole system which the Jews believed had been given to them by Moses.

But there is nothing really to fear. For the moment many may be led to throw the Bible away, and to give up religion as the weak nonsense he so scornfully proclaims it. Religion will abide in the heart of man. And the Bible will stand because in it we have the accumulated utterance of religion in its best beginnings and along its noblest line of development.

THE JEWISH RABBI'S REPLY.

We need not pray for Col. Robert Ingersoll's soul, for he says he has none; and in this instance we are bound to believe him, as he is judge, jury and witness in the case; and there may be men without souls, as there are some without conscience, others without reason, and quite a number without principle. The first man of whom the Bible says that he prayed, was Abraham. He prayed for Abimelech. But Col. Ingersoll, we suspect, is not smitten with that disease. He prayed for the wicked people of Sodom and Gomorrah, to which class belongs no American citizen, of course, as "Mitchell's Geography" substantially proves. Jacob prayed when his brother Esau approached him with an armed force; and the Colonel has come to us unarmed, and without any force except a few harmless agents of the Boston Lecture Bureau, who take the money, show the show, and depart in peace. Moses prayed for his sister Miriam when she was leprous, but Mr. Ingersoll is no woman, and his excellent exterior betokens no leprosy. Joshua prayed to make the sun and moon stand still, but Mr. Ingersoll is neither the greater nor the lesser light, and to the best of our knowledge nobody wants him to stand still at any place.

Speaking of imagination, it reminds me that Col. Ingersoll said he could not imagine the existence of a God. Imagine God! Any professor of philosophy would faint if he was told that illogical expression. How can God be im-

agined? Perhaps one of Mr. Ingersoll's manufactured gods could be imagined in a disorderly imagination, as only physical objects of nature or combinations thereof could be imagined—nothing else. What kind of a god would that be which could be submitted to the imagination of a man without a soul? It must be the miniature or pocket edition of an idol, made by man, such as Col. Ingersoll purchases and exhibits to amuse tall babies. It must be that sort of farcical gods which he describes in his burlesques. He is not the first quack who would not take his own medicines, although he is certainly among reasoners the first who would imagine Deity, for none tries to imagine that which reason only can grasp; none will permit himself to be led astray by imagination where pure reflection only can reach the aim.

The perversion of ideas springs from a mistake about Moses. A god or gods have been fabricated at the expense of Moses, until each little priest had his own snug little god that could be used as the Crusader's emblem or the license of the auto-da-fe, to massacre and glut in human gore, or the frail woman's last resort of love to make honest men out of rogues, pure souls out of the dregs of hell. The god or gods variously depicted, miscellaneously described, and promiscuously applied become objects of imagination, hence also of the farce. The mistake is that Moses was charged with all the follies of theological jugglers and sophistical bummers. The God whom Moses taught is emphatically the God whom no man can see and live,—the Great I Am, who is the I, the Ego, the Subject of the Universe, the law, the life, the love and the intellect of the cosmos, the Eternal Jehovah, essence itself, and the absolute substance, in whom all things are as all objects of a man's tender love are in his soul, of whom all things came and into whom all return. This is not a God fabricated by man, hence He could not

be imagined by man, as no man can imagine a being superior to himself. This is the God taught by Moses; the other gods may be subjected to farce and ribaldry, while the true Deity is too sublime even for the pyrotechnical displays of Mr. Ingersoll's disentangled humor. It is a mistake about Moses which feeds his boiler to tweedle the rusted think-apparatus of twaddlers. The God of Moses is too great for Mr. Ingersoll; he only deals in gods which can be imagined, and in speaking of mistakes of Moses he reverently passes by the God of Moses. The man is not as bad as his reputation.

I maintain that Col. Robert Ingersoll is not half as bad as his reputation. The man was persecuted by his countrymen, was defeated in his political aspirations by church-members, and thinks the Presbyterians have done it. He is a man of prominent talents, belonging to the better class; all on account of the Presbyterians, he was teased, persecuted, and wounded in his pride, and so he became a public lecturer. But business is business; if one wants to make money he must know how. He could imagine that people go to the circus to see the clown, to the theater to laugh over the comedian. People want fun to be amused, alcohol to force the blood to the brain, to fill up the vacuum. He could see that earnest men who reason on principles would not take with the masses. Aware of his own talents as a humorist and an orator, of the scarcity of humorists in this country, and the plenitude of slang, low comedy, and uncultivated taste, he could only choose the career which he did choose—a career of ribaldry, to laugh over everything holy, to sneer alike at human follies, frailties, virtue and piety; and as a business man he has chosen well—he makes plenty of money and hurts nobody. A moral effect he will never have upon anybody, because there is no moral force in his burlesque. He is no Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, no

Voltaire, Strauss, Feuerbach, or even a Heinrich Heine, because he lacks the research, the erudition, the systematical learning, and the moral backbone of either of them. He will not set Rome on fire in order to sing from his balcony the destruction of Troy; he lacks the fire and the torch. It is all pyrotechnical ribaldry, which sweeps away many a consumptive superstition and laughs many a prejudice out of existence; but truth takes care of itself. Let the man alone; he is better than his reputation.

You think, perhaps, I ought to be very angry, because the gentleman spoke of the mistakes of Moses, and ridiculed the great lawgiver of the Jews. Let me tell you first, anything over which you laugh leaves no particular impression behind. That which goes not though the avenues of reason or the depth of the moral sentiment in a short time proves effectless. Scorn is a terrible weapon to achieve momentary success, but it is worse than worthless after a second sober thought or a healthy action of the feelings. Then let me say, the theology of Moses is certainly beyond the reach of Col. Ingersoll, for he is no reasoner; he can spit, but he could not think with philosophical minds. He never studied through or even read any of the philosophical systems of Germany, England, or France; nor has he the ability to do it. He is no naturalist of any description, has never troubled himself about any specialty thereof, and so he talks about matters and things in general as is the American custom, what the Germans call *Wurst-philosophie*, good enough as jokes or for beer-house reasonings. When he speaks of the infinite he becomes too ludicrous for anything, especially for men of thought to make anything out of it. He will not upset the theology of Moses.

The law of Moses is also secured against the Colonel's possible attacks. He will commence no trouble with his Blackstone or Hugo Grotius, or the other writers on law

who maintain that all law rests upon the Mosaic legislation.

Thirty-five hundred years of history, and the common consent of the civilized world at this end of the nineteenth century, are a little too much for any man to upset. He says he could write a better Decalogue than Moses did, but that is said only—he is not going to do it; he will not even add a category of law to the ten.

Well, then, if he is not the man to attack successfully the theology or jurisprudence of Moses, I have no cause to object to his lectures. He ridicules Bible stories, but that concerns literalists only, not us. If all the stories of the Pentateuch be ridiculed, denied, or otherwise disposed of, it does not change an iota in the jurisprudence or theology of Moses. Let the literalists take up that part; it does not concern us so very much.

Here, again, is a point which makes me feel bad and badly disposed to the eloquent humorist. Why does he continually repeat that which others have said often before him; why does he not hit upon something original? He rehearses old rags in new shoddy, and that is unworthy of a man who has any pride about him. He does sometimes worse than that; he ignores his opponents, which no honest man must do. He speaks a long yarn about the history of creation, always assuming an air of originality, without having the honesty of mentioning even Dr. J. W. Dawson's work, "The Origin of the World," which upsets his whole twaddle. It is dishonest to make people believe that a thing said is indisputable, when it has been completely upset.

He appeals to the apotheosis of labor to impeach Moses, because it said in the Genesis that God cursed man. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread;" and labor is a blessing to man. Did all Socialists clap hands? If not,

some must have thought this is the language of a demagogue, who is either a hypocrite or a self-deluded man. Labor and hard labor are two different things, and the "sweat of thy brow" points to hard labor, which rests like a curse upon the poor man, and is the severest punishment imposed on the criminal condemned to hard labor.

He talks about the creation of woman like an ignorant man who has not the remotest idea of the difficulties among biologists, considering the differentiation of man and the origin of sexes. So he talks about the littleness of the ark and smites Charles Darwin in the face, instead of saying this proves Darwin's theory on the origin of species. He scoffs at the God who destroyed His own children and undertakes to teach the Colonel of Peoria how he should educate his. It all depends upon what kind of children one wishes to bring up. Usually every parent brings up his own kind. God wanted them to bring up God-like children, and when they would not do it, he got them out of the way in preference to destroying human freedom or perpetuating wickedness. If it is only to bring up such children as Robert Ingersoll, of Peoria, Ill., no such stringency is necessary. Musquashes grow spontaneously in abundance. Then he speaks about 600 pigeons a day for three priests, and does not know that there were no pigeons in the wilderness, and the Mosaic sacrificial polity was not introduced till Joshua had taken the Land of Canaan, and then there were more priests than there are to-day humorists in America, for Joshua gave them quite a number of cities, and I would not be astonished if those American humorists could eat more pigeons than they can do good in this world.

But what is the use to speak of the mistakes of Moses? Speak of the mistakes about Moses. Did Moses write the Genesis? Says Col. Ingersoll, "I do not know;" and he does not know a great many other things. Did Moses write

the historical portions of the Pentateuch? Says the Illinois Colonel again, "I do not know." If he has written all that, did the translators and commentators which the Colonel read represent correctly the ideas of Moses? "Do n't know," says the Colonel. If those writers do represent the matter correctly, have those points which the Colonel ridicules never been discussed and refuted? "Do n't know," says the Colonel; and decent men must not curse; still they are permitted to say, "Why do you talk of matters of which you know so preciously little? That is all excusable, however, in this case. The humorous and eloquent gentleman is out on a lecture tour, and wants to succeed. This can be done by reckless ribaldry only. It makes no difference whether Hell or gods, Devil or Moses, Pope or Presbyterian church —anything that will pay must be pressed into the service. The Colonel's field is small; he has no great choice of subjects, and he must take the first best to ridicule it and make it pay. He has that particular talent, and could not do the same work in another field. He cannot criticise Aristotle and Emanuel Kant and make it pay, because he cannot read them. He cannot ridicule Carlyle or Stuart Mill, because he cannot understand them. So he picks up some small stories which the children know, and dishes them up in his own humoristic way for the amusement of big babies. The man understands his business to the T. I tell you, he is not as bad as his reputation. I beg a thousand pardons of Col. Robert Ingersoll if I have wronged him. I did not mean to make fun of him any way.

Sue Gibson

[Photographed by Mosher.]

DR. GIBSON'S REPLY.*

UNHAPPILY, the attention of Bible students has been almost exclusively directed to certain difficulties. These difficulties all arise, as it seems to me, from three sources, and the Bible is not to blame for any of them. First source: treating the passage as if it were history, whereas it is apocalypse. Second source: taking it as intended to teach science, especially astronomical and geological science. Third source of difficulty: the mistakes of translators. For example, the unfortunate word firmament continually comes to the front as one of the "mistakes of Moses." Strange that a Latin word should be a mistake of Moses! Did Moses know Latin? Did he ever write the letters f, i, r, m, etc.? Not only is the word "firmament" not in the Hebrew Bible, but it does not represent the Hebrew word at all. The word firmament means something strong, solid. The Hebrew word for which it is an unfortunate translation, signifies something that is very thin, extended, spread out; just the best word that could be chosen to signify the atmosphere.

Then there is the word "whales," that Professor Huxley made so merry over a year ago. But the Hebrew does not say whales. The Hebrew word refers to great sea monsters, and is just the very best word the Hebrew language affords to describe such animals as the plesiosaurus and ichthyosaurus and other creatures that abounded in the time prob-

*Portions of this reply recently appeared in the daily press signed "CANDOR;" other portions were selected by the Editor from his new work, just published by Randolph & Co., New York, entitled "The Ages Before Moses."

ably referred to there. Let us only guard against these three sources of error, and we shall not find many difficulties. If we would only avoid the mistakes of Moses' critics, we would not show our ignorance by talking about the mistakes of Moses.

We have said that almost everybody knows about the difficulties, but how few are there comparatively that know about the wonderful harmonies? So much is said and written about the difficulties, that many have the idea that the narrative is full of difficulties—nothing but difficulties in it—nothing that agrees with science as we know it now; whereas, when we look at it, we find the correspondencies most wonderful all the way through. Let us look at a few of them. And first, the absence of dates. The fact is very noteworthy that there is such abundance of space left for the long periods, not till quite recently demanded by science. And this does not depend on any theory of day-periods; for those who still hold to the literal days, find all the room required before the first day is mentioned. Not six thousand years ago, but "in the beginning." How grand and how true in its vagueness.

Another negative characteristic worth noticing here is the absence of details where none are needed. For example, there is almost nothing said in detail about the heavens. What is said about the heavens in addition to the bare fact of creation, is only in reference to the earth, as, for example, when the sun and moon are treated of, not as separate worlds, but only in their relation to this earth as giving light to it and affording measurements of time. There is no attempt to drag in the spectroscope!

Ingersoll Betrays His Ignorance.

A certain infidel lately seemed to think he had made a point against the Bible by remarking that the author of it

had compressed the astronomy of the universe into five words. Just think of the ignorance this betrays. It proceeds on the assumption that the author of this apocalypse intended to teach the world the astronomy of the universe; and then, of course, it would have been a very foolish thing for him to discuss the whole subject in five words. Whereas, in this very reticence we have a note of truth. If this work had been the work of some mere cosmogonist, some theorist as to the origin of the universe, he would have been sure to have given us a great deal of information about the stars. But a prophet of the Lord has nothing to do with astronomy as such. All that he has to do with the stars is to make it clear that the most distant orbs of light are included in the domain of the Great Supreme, and this he can do as well in five words as in five thousand; and so, wisely avoiding all detail, he simply says, "He made the stars also." There was danger that men might suppose some power resident in these distant stars distinct from the power that ruled the earth. He would have them to understand that the same God that rules over this little earth, rules to the uttermost bounds of the great universe. And this great truth he lays on immovable foundations by the sublimely simple words, "He made the stars also." But passing from that which is merely negative, see how many positive harmonies there are.

Harmony of Science and Genesis.

First, there is the fact of a beginning. The old infidel objection used to be that "all things have continued as they were from the beginning of the creation." Nobody pretends to take that position now that science points so clearly to beginnings of everything. You can trace back man to his beginning in the geological cycles. You can trace back mammals to their beginning; birds, fishes, insects to their beginnings; vegetation to its beginning; rocks to their

beginning. The general fact of a genesis is immovably established by science.

Secondly, "The heavens and the earth." Note the order Though almost nothing is said about the heavens, yet what is said is not at all in conflict with what we now know about them. We know now that the earth is not the center of the universe. Look forward to Genesis iv. 2, and you will find the transition to the reverse order—quite appropriate there, as we shall see in the next lecture; but here, where the genesis of all things, the origin of the universe, is the subject, it is not the earth and the heavens, but "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

Thirdly, there is the original chaos. "The earth was without form and void." Turn to the early pages of any good modern scientific book, that attempts to set forth the genesis of the earth from a scientific standpoint, and you will find just this condition described. Observe, too, in passing, how carefully the statement is limited to the earth. The universe was not chaotic then.

Fourthly, the work of creation is not a simultaneous, but an extended one. If the author had been guessing or theorizing, he would have been much more likely to hit on the idea of simultaneous, than successive creation. But the idea of successive creation is now proved by science to be true.

Fifthly, there is a progressive development, and yet not a continuous progression without any drawbacks. There are evenings and mornings; just what science tells us of the ages of the past. Here it is worth while perhaps to notice the careful use of the word "created." An objection has been made to the want of continuity in the so-called orthodox doctrine of creation, the orthodox doctrine being supposed to be that of fresh creation at every point. But the Bible is not responsible for many "fresh creations."

The word "created" is only used three times in the record. First, as applied to the original creation of the universe, possibly in the most embryonic state. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Next, in connection with the introduction of life (v. 2), and last, in reference to the creation of man (v. 27). In no other place is anything said about direct creation. It is rather making, appointing, ordering, saying "Let there be." "Let the waters bring forth," etc. Now, is it not a significant fact that these three points where, and where alone, the idea of absolute creation is introduced, are just the three points at which the great apostles of continuity find it impossible to make their connections? You will not find any one that is able to show any other origin for the spirit of man than the Creator Himself. You cannot find any one that is able to show any other origin of animal life than the Creator Himself. There have been very strenuous efforts made a great many times to show that the living may originate from the not-living; but all these efforts have failed. And the origin of matter is just as mysterious as the origin of life. No other origin can be even conceived of the primal matter of the universe than the fiat of the great Creator. Thus we find the word "creation" used just at the times when modern science tells us it is most appropriate.

Sixthly, the progression is from the lower to the higher. An inventor would have been much more likely to guess that man was created first, and afterward the other creatures subordinate to him. But the record begins at the bottom of the scale and goes up, step by step, to the top: again, just what geology tells us. All these are great general correspondencies; but we might,

Seventhly, go into details and find harmonies even there, all the way through. Take the fact of light appearing on the first day. The Hebrew word for "light" is wide enough

to cover the associated phenomena of heat and electricity, and are not these the primal forces of the universe? Again, it used to be a standard difficulty with sceptics that light was said to exist before the sun was visible from the earth. Science here has come to the rescue, and who doubts it now? It is very interesting to see a distinguished geologist like Dana using this very fact that light is said to have existed before the sun shone upon the earth as a proof of the divine origin of this document, on the ground that no one would have guessed what must have seemed so unlikely then. So much for the progress *toward* the Bible which science has made since the day when a sceptical writer said of the Mosaic narrative, "It would still be correct enough in great principles were it not for one individual oversight and one unlucky blunder!"—the oversight being the solid firmament (whose oversight?), and the blunder, light apart from the sun (whose blunder?).

I have spoken already about the words "created" and "made," in relation to the discriminating use of them. This word *raqia*, too, how admirable it is to express the tenuity of our atmosphere, especially as contrasted with the clumsy words used by the enlightened Greeks (stereoma) the noble Romans (firmamentum), and even by learned Englishmen of the nineteenth century (firmament)! And not to dwell on mere words, as we well might, look at the general order of creation: vegetation before animal life, birds and fishes before mammals, and all the lower animals before man. Is not that just the order you find in geology? More particularly, while man is last he is not created on a separate day. He comes in on the sixth day along with the higher animals, yet not in the beginning, but toward the close of the period. Again, just what geology tells us.

The Harmony of Genesis and Science, not the Result of Guess Work, but of Inspiration.

These are only some of the many wonderful harmonies between this old revelation and modern science. I would like to see the doctrine of chances applied to this problem, to determine what probability there would be of a mere guesser or inventor hitting upon so many things that correspond with what modern science reveals. I don't believe there would be one chance in a million! Is it not far harder for a sensible man to believe that this wonderful apocalypse is the fruit of ignorance and guess-work, than that it is the product of inspiration? It is simply absurd to imagine that an ignorant man could have guessed so happily. Nay, more. Let any of the scientific men of to-day set themselves down to write out a history of creation in a space no larger than that occupied by the first chapter of Genesis and I do not believe they could improve on it at all. And if they did succeed in producing anything that would pass for the present, in all probability in ten years it would be out of date. Our apocalypse of creation is not only better than could be expected of an uninspired man in the days of the world's ignorance, but it is better than Tyndall, or Huxley, or Haeckel could do yet. If they think not, let them take a single sheet of paper and try!

....It is of great importance to remember that the symbolism attaches to the form, and not to the substance of the history. To call this whole story of the Fall a mere allegory, is to take away from it all historical reality. Let us distinguish carefully between the *reality* of the history, which is a very important thing, and the *literality* of it, which is of minor importance. It is very unfortunate that so much time is often spent upon the mere letter, regardless of the warning of the great apostle: "The letter killeth,

but the spirit giveth life. This accounts for nine-tenths of the difficulties people have about it. Suppose a person, seeing a cocoanut for the first time, and being told it was good for food, should spend all his time gnawing away at the shell, and never get at the kernel. No wonder of his verdict should be, it is not fit to eat. So you will find that most of the people who have insuperable difficulties with the Bible are those who are busying themselves all the time about the shell and never get hold of the kernel. If they could only seize the kernel they would so readily see the beauty and enjoy the taste, and find the use of it; and then, perhaps, they would begin to see some beauty and some usefulness in the shell too. "The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life."

A very good illustration of this is found in the fifteenth verse of the third chapter, where we read about "the seed of the woman bruising the head of the serpent." The literalists get nothing more out of it than a declaration that in time to come serpents will annoy the descendants of Eve by biting at their heels, and on the other hand, the descendants of Eve will destroy serpents by crushing their heads! The mere shell of the thing manifestly. The reality, as pictured there, is of a great conflict to go on throughout all these ages of development; a great conflict between the forces of good on the one hand, and the forces of evil on the other. Of this conflict the issue is not doubtful. There is to be serious trouble all the while from the forces of evil, but in the end these forces will be crushed. There is One coming —a descendant of this same woman, called here "the seed of the woman"—who will at last "bruise the head of the serpent," and gain the victory, and bring in that glorious era when sin and suffering and pain and death shall have all rolled away into the past. There is a great deal more than this in that wonderful verse—more than we would

have time to tell though we spent a whole hour on it. We only refer to it now as an illustration.

And now, what matters it whether you take the "serpent" that tempted Eve to be a real and literal serpent, or the mere (phenomenal) form of a serpent assumed by the Spirit of Evil for the purpose? or even whether the serpent form is connected with the old style of pictorial representation? All that is minor and subordinate. There is no use of wasting time on it. All we want to be sure of is the truth, that there was a tempter, an evil spirit, that in a seductive form tempted our first parents and they fell. Let us by all means beware of allowing our time to be frittered away by mere trivial questions of the letter, instead of making it our great aim to see and to seize the great spiritual truths set forth in this old and simple record.

There are many who represent this book of the Generations as a second edition of the Genesis, or separate account of the creation; and of course they find difficulty in comparing the two. All their difficulty, as we shall see, comes from their not understanding the passage as a whole, their not perceiving what it was intended to teach. It will help us to meet this difficulty if we follow the same order of ideas as in the exposition of Genesis i., viz.: God, Nature, Man. In all we shall find marked differences. But these differences, instead of presenting any difficulty, will have their reason made abundantly manifest.

God.

First, then, there is a different name for God introduced here. All through the Genesis it has been "God said," "God made," "God created." Now it is invariably, "Jehovah God" (LORD God in our version). And this is the only continuous passage in the Bible where the combination is used. How is this explained? Very easily. In the

apocalypse of the Genesis, God makes Himself known simply as Creator. Sin has not yet entered, and so the idea of salvation has no place. In this passage sin is coming in, and along with it the promise of salvation. Now the name Jehovah is always connected with the idea of salvation. It is the covenant name. It is the name which indicates God's special relation to His people, as their Saviour and Redeemer. This name is introduced now, because God is about to make Himself known in a new character. He appeared in Genesis simply as Creator. He appears now in the book of the Generations as Redeemer; and so we get the name Jehovah in place of the name God. But lest any one should suppose from the change of name that there is any change in the person; lest any one suppose that He who is to redeem us from sin and death, is a different being from Him who created the heavens and the earth, the two names are now combined—Jehovah God. The combination is retained throughout the entire narrative of the Fall to make the identification sure. Thereafter either name is used by itself without danger of error.

Nature.

Look next at the way in which Nature is spoken of here. When you look at it aright, you find there is no repetition. Nature in the Genesis is universal nature. God created all things. But here, nature comes in, as it has to do immediately with Adam. Now see the effect of this. It at once removes difficulties, which many speak of as of great magnitude.

In the first place, it is not the whole earth that is now spoken of, but a very limited district. Our attention is narrowed down to Eden, and the environs of Eden, a limited district in a particular part of the earth. Hence the difficulty about there not being rain in the district ("earth")

disappears. Let me here remind you once or all that the Hebrew word for *earth* and for *land* or *district* is the same. See Gen. xii., 1., where the word is twice used, translated "country" and "land."

Again, it is not the vegetable kingdom as a whole that is referred to in the fifth verse, but only the agricultural and horticultural products. The words "plant," "field" and "grew" (v. 5) are new words, not found in the creation record.* In Gen. i. the vegetable kingdom as a whole was spoken of. Now, it is simply the cereals and garden herbs, and things of that sort; and here instead of coming into collision with the previous narrative, we have something that corresponds with what botanists tell us, that field and garden products are sharply distinguished in the history of nature from the old flora of the geological epochs.

In the same way it is not the whole animal kingdom that is referred to in verse nineteen, but only the domestic animals, those with which man was to be especially associated, and to which he was very much more intimately related than to the wild beasts of the field. It may be easy to make this narrative look ridiculous, by bringing the wild beasts in array before Adam, as if any companionship with them were conceivable. But when we bear in mind that reference is made here to the domestic animals, there is nothing at all inappropriate in noticing that while there is a certain degree of companionship possible between man and some of those animals, as the horse and dog, yet none of these was the companion he needed.

In the first chapter of Genesis, nature is the great theme. We are carried over universal nature, and the great truth is there set forth, that God has created all things. In the second chapter of Genesis, man is the great theme, and conse-

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* The correct translation of the fifth verse is: "Now no plant of the field was yet in the land, and no herb of the field was growing."

quently nature is treated of only as it circles around him, and is related to him. This sufficiently accounts for the difference between the two.

Man.

Passing now from nature to Man, we find again a marked difference. In Gen. i. we are told, "God created man in His own image; in the image of God created He him." And here: "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground." (ii. 7.) Some people tell as there is a contradiction here. *Is* there any contradiction, let me ask? Are not *both* of them true? Is there not something that tells you that there is more than dust in your composition? Is there not something in you that tells you, you are related to God the Creator? When you hear the statement that "God made man in His own image, is there not a response awakened in you—something in you that rises up and says, It is true? On the other hand, we know that man's body is formed of the dust of the earth. We find it to be true in a more literal sense than was formerly supposed, now that chemistry discloses the fact that the same elements enter into the composition of man's body, as are found by analysis in the "dust of the ground."

And not only are both these statements true, but each is appropriate in its place. In the first account, when man's place in universal nature was to be set forth—man as he issued from his Maker's hand—was it not appropriate that his higher nature should occupy the foreground? His lower relations are not entirely out of sight even there, for he is introduced along with a whole group of animals created on the sixth day. But while his connection with them is suggested, that to which emphasis is given in the Genesis is his relation to his Maker. But now that we are going to hear about his fall, about his shame and degradation, is it

not appropriate that the lower rather than the higher part of his nature should be brought into the foreground, inasmuch as it is there that the danger lies? It was to that part of his nature that the temptation was addressed; and so we read here, "God formed man of the dust of the ground." Yet here, too, there is a hint of his higher nature, for it is added, "He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life," or as we have it in another passage, "The inspiration of the Almighty gave him understanding."

In this connection it is worth while to notice the use of the words "created" and "formed." "God *created* man in His own image." So far as man's spiritual and immortal nature was concerned it was a new creation. On the other hand, "God *formed* man out of the dust of the ground." We are not told He created man's body out of nothing. We are told, and the sciences of to-day confirm it, that it was formed out of existing materials.

Woman.

Then, in relation to Woman, there is the same appropriateness in the two narratives. In the former her relations to God are prominent: "God created man in His own image. In the image of God created He him; male and female created He them"—man in His image; woman in His image. In the latter, it is not the relation of woman to her Maker that is brought forward, but the relation of woman to her husband. Hence the specific reference to her organic connection with her husband.

Here, again, it is very easy for one that deals in literalities to raise difficulties, forgetting that there is no intention here to detail scientifically the process of woman's formation, but simply to indicate that she is organically connected with her husband. It is here proper to remark that the rendering "rib" is probably too specific. The word is more

frequently used in the general sense of "side." As an evidence that there is no intention to give here any physiological information as to the origin of woman, we may refer to the words of Adam: "This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh. She shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of man." And now, is there anything irrational in the idea that woman should be formed out of man? Is there anything more mysterious or inconceivable in the formation of woman out of man, than in the original formation of man out of dust? Let us conceive of our origin in any way we choose, it is full of mystery. Though there may be mystery connected with what is said in the Bible, there will be just as much mystery connected with any other account you try to give of it. Matthew Henry, in his quaint and half-humorous way, really gets nearer to the true spirit of the narrative than any physiological interpreter can, when he makes the remark that some of you may be familiar with, "that woman was taken out of man, not out of his head to top him, nor out of his feet to be trampled underfoot; but out of his side to be equal to him, under his arm to be protected, and near his heart to be beloved." Another remark of his is worth quoting. Referring to the fact of Adam's being first formed and then Eve, and the claim of priority and consequent superiority, as made on his behalf by the apostle Paul, he says: "If man is the head, she is the crown—a crown to her husband, the crown of the visible creation. The man was dust refined, but the woman was dust double-refined—one remove further from the earth."

But, Matthew Henry apart, one thing is certain, that this old Bible narrative, while it has not done that which it was never intended to do, while it has given no scientific explanation of either man's origin or woman's origin, has nevertheless accomplished its great object. It has given woman

her true place in the world. It is only in Bible lands that woman has her true place; and it is only there that marriage has its proper sacredness. Here as everywhere else, we see the practical power of the Bible. It was not written to satisfy curiosity, but to save and to bless; and most salutary and most blessed has been the influence of these earliest words about woman, setting forth her true relation to man and to God, to her earthly husband and her heavenly Father.

Mistakes Respecting Labor and Death, Corrected.

. . . The Bible has been charged with representing labor as a curse. The charge is not true. On the contrary, we are told that Adam was appointed in Eden to dress the garden and keep it. The law of labor came in among the blessings of Eden, along with the law of obedience and the marriage law. It is a slander on the Bible to say that it represents labor as a curse. It is not the labor that is the curse. It is the thorns and the thistles. It is the hardness of the labor. "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread." Labor would have been easy and pleasant otherwise.

Then in regard to death. There are those who represent the Bible as if it taught that death was unknown in the world until after the Fall. And then they point us to the reign of death throughout the epochs of geology as contradicting the Bible. Now, the Bible teaches nothing of the kind. On the contrary, there seems rather to be a suggestion that death was in existence among the lower animals all the way through. Not to speak of the probability that one of the divisions of animals, mentioned in the first chapter of Genesis, corresponds with the carnivora, is there not something in the way the subject of death is introduced, which rather suggests the idea that it was already known? It was a new thing to Adam. It was not a new thing to animal life. Man had been created with relations to mortality

below him, but with relations also to immortality above him. Had he not fallen, his immortal nature would have ruled his destiny; but now that he has separated himself from God by his sin, his lower relations, his mortal relations, must rule his destiny. Instead of having as his destiny the prospect of being associated with God in a happy immortality, he is degraded from that position, and is henceforth associated with the animals in their mortality. We are told that "death passed upon all *men*, because all have sinned." But you do not find a passage in the Bible asserting that death passed upon the animals because of man's sin.

The Deluge and its Difficulties — Not Universal — Ararat Originally a District (Alas! Ingersoll Calls it a High Mountain)—Other Deluges.

. . . We must here touch a little on the difficulties connected with the story of the flood. These difficulties are almost all founded upon the idea that the deluge was universal; that it covered the highest tops of the Himalayas in India, the Rocky Mountains here, and all the mountains over all the earth. It is but reasonable, then, to ask if there is good reason for insisting that it was universal?

I know of only three strong reasons that are given for this position. The first is the use of the term "earth" continually throughout the narrative, which only proves that those who translated the Bible into English, believed the flood to have been universal. As we have had occasion already to prove, the word "earth" in Hebrew means just as readily a limited district. Why do not those who insist so strongly on the wide signification of "earth" here, not insist upon the same interpretation in such a passage as Genesis, xii. 1, and make it an article of faith that Abraham left the world altogether and went to another, when he left Ur of the Chaldees and went to Canaan? The second argument for

universality is found in universal expressions, the strongest of which is Gen. vii. 19: "And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth, and all the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered." Now remember that this is the account of an eye-witness, vividly describing just what he saw, water on every side, water all around, nothing but water—even the mountains to the farthest verge of the horizon covered over with water. When, in the book of Job, we read of the lightning flashing over the whole heaven, the meaning surely can not be that a lightning flash starts at a certain degree of latitude and longitude, and makes a journey right round the world to the point where it started. "The whole heavens" is evidently bounded by the horizon. The third reason which has led people to suppose the whole earth was covered with water, is found in the tradition that the ark rested on Mount Ararat. The tradition, we say, for that is all the authority there is for the idea. In Gen. vii. 4, we are told that the ark rested on the mountains or highlands of "Ararat." The word "Ararat" only occurs other two times in the Bible, and in neither place does it refer to what was only long afterward called Mt. Ararat. In Old Testament times Ararat was not a mountain at all, but a district, on some of the highlands of which the ark rested. A moment's thought will show that it could not be on the top of Ararat. It would require one of the hardiest mountaineers to perform such a feat as the climbing of Ararat. It would be the most inconvenient place you could think of for the ark to rest on. When you look fairly at these three arguments that are urged in support of a universal deluge, you will find that none of them really demand it.

On the other hand, there are things that seem to point the other way. In the eleventh verse of the seventh chapter we are told that "in the second month, the seventeenth

day of the month, were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened." There is no indication there of the sudden creation of such a body of water as would cover the earth to the depth of 30,000 feet above the old sea-level. The causes that are assigned are just such as could be most readily and naturally used. It may be worth while to notice here in passing, an attempt which has been made recently to cast ridicule upon the story of the flood, by representing the Bible as if it attributed the deluge to nothing else than a long, heavy rain, whereas the first importance is given to an entirely different cause: "the fountains of the great deep were broken up." That is just what would appear to one who was describing such a scene as we imagine this to be. Suppose there had been some great submergence of the land there, as has taken place in other parts of the world. There would be a rushing up of water from below, from "the fountains of the great deep."

Again, in the first verse of the eighth chapter, natural agency is made use of: "God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters assuaged." There is no reason why we should suppose a greater miracle performed than was necessary. Still further; turn to the tenth verse of the ninth chapter, where God says: "I establish my covenant with you, and with every living creature that is with you; from all that go out of the ark, to every beast of the earth." What were those beasts of the earth thus distinguished from those going out of the ark? Probably they were those that came from the area of land not covered by the flood.

Then again, attention is called to the purpose of the flood, which was simply to destroy the race of men, and it is not to be supposed they had traveled a great distance by this time from their original place of abode. The extent of the flood need not have been any greater than was necessary to submerge that area.

Further, when we take this view, not only do geological and other difficulties disappear, but there is decided confirmation from modern scientific research. There is no evidence in geology that there was in any period of the earth's history, a flood great enough to overtop the Rocky Mountains, but there are evidences of floods as great as this one must have been, for the purpose of destroying the race. I do not know how it is in the immediate region where the flood is supposed to have been. I do not know whether geologists have explored it sufficiently; but this is certain, that there are evidences of similar floods in other parts of the world. Some of our own geologists have discovered evidences of them in this very neighborhood. You have not to go very far from Chicago to find such traces of sudden, powerful, and transient diluvial action. Then, finally, this view of the deluge removes, of course, all difficulty about the number of animals in the ark, because all that was necessary was, that the species more nearly connected with man, those found in the region that was submerged, should be represented in the ark.

But after all, the question of extent is of quite minor importance so long as it is conceded that it was universal in the sense of destroying all but the family of Noah. *The reality* of the judgment is the great thing, and of this we have abundant confirmation from tradition. We find legends of a flood everywhere. We find them among the Semitic and Aryan and Turanian races. We find them east and west, and north and south; in savage nations and civilized nations; on continents and in islands; in the old world and in the new. And if Egypt is a solitary exception, which is very doubtful, but if it is, the exception is accounted for by the simple fact that in that country they have floods every year.

Here again, as in the traditions of the Fall, there is difference enough to show which is the original and true.

Other traditions of the flood are polytheistic, whereas here we have the one living and true God. Those are full of mythological elements, whereas here is a plain narrative, with the impressive scene vividly, but quite simply, depicted. In heathen traditions, too, you find many grotesque items and exaggerations, as for instance, when the ark is described as three-fourths of a mile long, and drops of rain the size of a bull's head; and, generally speaking, a conspicuous absence of that moral purpose which is so impressive and all-pervading in the narrative before us.

Faith in Jesus Christ the Essential Factor.

. . . There are those in our day who find a stumbling-block at the very threshold of the Christian life, in the fancy, that what is required of them in order to salvation, is the crediting of all the details of a long history extending from the first man to the last man, from Adam to the consummation of all things; and long accustomed to that sceptical attitude of mind which questions all things, they think it would take them a life-time (as indeed it would) to verify every statement that is made from Genesis to Revelation, and clear them from all possible objections; and so they do not venture at all. But remember, it is never said: "Believe everything that is in the Bible and you will be saved." Ah, there have been many who believed everything in the Bible, who never thought of questioning a sentence in it, who will find themselves none the better for their easy acquiescence in the statements of a book which they had been taught to accept as inspired. There is no such word written as, "Believe the Bible and you will be saved." No. It is "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Do not trouble yourselves in the first instance about questions connected with the book of Genesis, or difficulties suggested by the book of Revelation. Let the wars of the

Jews alone in the meantime, and dismiss Jonah from your mind. Look to Jesus; get acquainted with Him; listen to His word; believe in Him; trust Him; obey Him. That is all that is asked of you in the first instance. After you have believed on Christ and taken Him as your Saviour, your Master, your Model, you will not be slow to find out that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine and for reproof, and for correction, and for instruction in righteousness." You may never have all your difficulties solved, or all your objections met; but though difficulties may still remain, and interrogation points be scattered here and there over the wide Bible-field, you will be sure of your foundation; you will feel that your feet are planted on the "Rock of Ages," even on Him of whom God, by the mouth of the prophet Isaiah, said: "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste."

Candor v. Injustice—Dr. Gibson's Pointed Summary.

The prevailing feeling among intelligent readers of the Bible in reference to the profane and coarse assaults made on it by Mr. Robert Ingersoll, is that few people are so ignorant as to be imposed upon by his vulgar witticisms. But, inasmuch as there are not a few who accept without inquiry his account of what is in the Bible, it may be well to give a few illustrations of his unscrupulousness in putting "mistakes" into the Bible which he either knows or ought to know, are not there.

He asserts positively that Moses must have understood by firmament something solid, though every one who has studied the subject knows, and the fact has been published again and again, that the Hebrew word means something

exceedingly attenuated, being the very best word in the language to designate the atmosphere; while the mistake found in the English word "firmament," is due to the science of Alexandria, where in the third century before Christ, the "expanse" of Moses was translated "stereoma" (firmament) to suit the advanced astronomy of the time.

When, in speaking of the vegetation of the third day, he says, "Not a blade of grass had even been touched by a single gleam of light," is he dealing fairly with a narrative that makes light its first creation?

When he accuses Moses of compressing the astronomy of the universe into five words, is he dealing fairly with a narrative that does not profess to give any astronomy at all, but, after a general reference to the heavens and the earth as created in the beginning, restricts itself to the earth and its "environment?" Any intelligent person can see that this is the reason why sun, moon and stars are referred to only in their relations to the earth.

When he represents the first and second chapters of Genesis as a varying repetition of the same story, is it fair to withhold all reference to the different purport and object of the two narratives, which fully and satisfactorily explains the variation?

Is it fair to speak of the deluge to represent it as ascribed to nothing but rain, when the Bible expressly says, "All the fountains of the great deep were broken up," evidently pointing to such a subsidence of the land as is familiar to any one acquainted with geology.

Is it fair to make the Bible responsible for the Armenian tradition that the ark rested on the top of Mount Ararat, 17,000 feet high, when the Bible nowhere, from Genesis to Revelation, makes any such statement? The district of Ararat on the mountains or highlands of which the ark rested is not the "Agri-Dagh" to which the name Ararat

has in modern times been given; and Mr. Ingersoll's ignorant mistake about it is of the same kind as that of the bumpkin who should inquire for the Coliseum in Rome, N. Y., or seek the tomb of Leonidas in Sparta, Wisconsin.

It will be at once seen that with this childlike ignorance is connected the Ingersoll nonsense that the water was five and a half miles deep. So says the ignorant critic, while the simple and reasonable statement of the Bible is: "Fifteen cubits upwards did the water prevail." As for the submersion of even the hills to the utmost verge of the horizon, the subsidence of the land was quite sufficient to accomplish it without resorting to the supposition of any unreasonable quantity of water.

Is it fair, when Mr. Ingersoll wishes to render ridiculous the rate of increase among the Israelites in Egypt, to represent the length of their stay there as 215 years, when Moses says (Exodus, XII., 40): "Now the sojourning of the children of Israel who dwelt in Egypt was 430 years." The only other place in the Pentateuch where the length of their stay is referred to is in the prediction concerning it in Genesis XV., where it is put in round numbers at 400 years. To do Mr. Ingersoll justice, it is admitted that certain theologians, on the strength of one or two passages in the New Testament and some genealogical difficulties, have favored shortening the period, but the subject was not the mistakes of Moses, but of theologians; and again we ask, Was it fair, without a word of apology or explanation, to deduct more than two centuries from the time Moses gives, and then make all his coarse, not to say indecent, ridicule turn on the shortness of the time?

One hardly knows how to characterize the infamy of such a passage as that about the bird-eating priests during the time of rapid increase, in view of the fact that there were no priests at all, and no such rule as he refers to during the

entire 430 years! The consecration of Aaron, the first priest, did not take place till after the Law was given at Sinai, and the ordinance relating to the offering of the pigeons was still later. These are mere specimens of the mistakes and misrepresentations which form the warp and woof of this lecture.

WHAT DISTINGUISHED MEN SAY OF THE BIBLE.

SCIENTISTS.

The grand old book of God still stands, and this old earth, the more its leaves are turned over and pondered, the more it will sustain and illustrate the sacred word.—*Professor Dana.*

Infidelity has, from time, erected her imposing ramparts, and opened fire upon Christianity from a thousand batteries. But the moment the rays of truth were concentrated upon their ramparts they melted away. The last clouds of ignorance are passing, and the thunders of infidelity are dying upon the ear. The union and harmony of Christianity and science is a sure token that the flood of unbelief and ignorance shall never more go over the world.—*Professor Hitchcock.*

All human discoveries seem to be made only for the purpose of confirming, more and more strongly, the truths contained in the sacred Scriptures.—*Sir John Herschel.*

The Bible furnishes the only fitting vehicle to express the thoughts that overwhelm us when contemplating the stellar universe.—*O. M. Mitchell.*

In my investigation of natural science, I have always found that whenever I can meet with anything in the Bible,

on any subject, it always affords me a fine platform on which to stand.—*Lieutenant Maury*

If the God of love is most appropriately worshiped in the Christian temple, the God of nature may be equally honored in the temple of science. Even from its lofty minarets, the philosopher may summon the faithful to prayer; and the priest and the sage exchange altars without the compromise of faith or knowledge.—*Sir David Brewster.*

A nation's intellectual progress has always followed—not preceded—some moral impulse. The history of the fine arts shows that some form of religion gave them their earliest impulse. There has never been a great genius but has been inspired in some sense by religion. The thoughts of the intellect are lofty in proportion as the sentiments of the heart are profound. If we begin the attempt to improve men with the intellect we end where we begun. Education will not remove corruption. It may guide vice as in ancient Rome and Athens, but will not uproot it. A godless education has no power to purify. Instruction in morality also has failed to regenerate. No man does his duty simply because he knows it unless he loves it; nor are political and social changes effective. Social evil has its root in the individual heart, and cannot be removed except by influences operating within it. This fountain of man's corruption must be purified to corrupt social vice.—*Prof. Seelye.*

STATESMEN.

There is a book worth all other books which were ever printed.—*Patrick Henry.*

The Bible is the best book in the world.—*John Adams.*

So great is my veneration for the Bible, that the earlier my children begin to read it, the more confident will be my hopes that they will prove useful citizens to their country, and respectable members of society.—*John Quincy Adams.*

It is impossible to govern the world without God. He must be worse than an infidel that lacks faith, and more than wicked that has not gratitude enough to acknowledge his obligation.—*General George Washington.*

Pointing to the family Bible on the stand, during his last illness, Andrew Jackson said to his friend: "That book, sir, is the rock on which our republic rests."

I deem the present occasion sufficiently important and solemn to justify me in expressing to my fellow citizens a profound reverence for the Christian religion, and a thorough conviction that sound morals, religious liberty, and a just sense of religious responsibility, are essentially connected with all true and lasting happiness.—*General Harrison's Inaugural Address.*

As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think the system of morals, and His religion, as He left them to us, is the best the world ever saw, or is likely to see.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

Do you think that your pen, or the pen of any other man, can unchristianize the mass of our citizens? Or have you hopes of corrupting a few of them to assist you in so bad a cause?—*Samuel Adams' Letter to Thomas Paine.*

Christianity is the only true and perfect religion, and that in proportion as mankind adopt its principles and obey its precepts, they will be wise and happy. And a better knowledge of this religion is to be acquired by reading the Bible than in any other way.—*Benjamin Rush.*

When that illustrious man, Chief Justice Joy, was dying, he was asked if he had any farewell address to leave his children; he replied, "They have the Bible."

I always have had, and always shall have, a profound regard for Christianity, the religion of my fathers, and for its rites, its usages, and observances.—*Henry Clay.*

A few days before his death, "the foremost man of all his times," drew up and signed this declaration of his religious faith: "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief. Philosophical argument, especially that drawn from the vastness of the universe, in comparison with the insignificance of this globe, has sometimes shaken my reason for the faith that is in me, but my heart has always assured and reassured me that the gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. The Sermon on the Mount cannot be a merely human production. This belief enters into the very depth of my conscience."—*Daniel Webster.*

"Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet anchor of our liberties; write its precepts on your hearts, and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this book we are indebted for the progress made in true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future.—*U. S. Grant.*

Philosophy has sometimes forgotten God; as great people never did. The skepticism of the last century could not uproot Christianity, because it lived in the hearts of the millions. Do you think that infidelity is spreading? Christianity never lived in the hearts of so many millions as at this moment. The forms under which it is professed may decay, for they, like all that is the work of man's hands, are subject to the changes and chances of mortal being; but the spirit of truth is incorruptible; it may be developed, illustrated and applied; it can never die; it never can decline.

No truth can perish. No truth can pass away. The flame is undying, though generations disappear. Wherever mortal truth has started into being humanity claims and guards the bequest. Each generation gathers together the imperishable children of the past, and increases them by the new sons of the light, alike radiant with immortality.—*Bancroft.*

GREAT THINKERS.

It is a belief in the Bible which has served me as the guide of my moral and literary life.—*Goethe.*

I account the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy.—*Sir Isaac Newton.*

To give a man a full knowledge of true morality, I should need to send him to no other book than the New Testament.—*John Locke.*

I know the Bible is inspired, because it finds me at greater depths of my being than any other book.—*Coleridge.*

A noble book! All men's book. It is our first statement of the never-ending problem of man's destiny and God's way with men on earth.—*Carlyle.*

I must confess the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with astonishment.—*Rousseau.*

"There is not a boy nor a girl, all Christendom through, but their lot is made better by this great book.—*Theodore Parker.*

Take the gospel away, and what a mockery is human philosophy! I once met a thoughtful scholar who told me

that for years he had read every book which assailed the religion of Jesus Christ. He said that he should have become an infidel if it had not been for three things:

"First, I am a man. I am going somewhere. I am to-night a day nearer the grave than last night. I have read all that they can tell me. There is not one solitary ray of light upon the darkness. They shall not take away the only guide and leave me stone blind.

"Secondly, I had a mother. I saw her go down into the dark valley where I am going, and she leaned upon an unseen arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep upon the breast of a mother. I know that was not a dream.

"Thirdly," he said with tears in his eyes, "I have three motherless daughters. They have no protector but myself. I would rather kill them than leave them in this sinful world if you could blot out from it all the teachings of the Gospel."—*Bishop Whipple.*

When Daniel Webster was in his best moral state, and when he was in the prime of his manhood, he was one day dining with a company of literary gentlemen in the city of Boston. The company was composed of clergymen, lawyers, physicians, statesmen, merchants, and almost all classes of literary persons. During the dinner conversation incidentally turned upon the subject of Christianity. Mr. Webster, as the occasion was in honor of him, was expected to take a leading part in the conversation, and he frankly stated as his religious sentiments his belief in the divinity of Christ, and his dependence upon the atonement of the Savior. A minister of very considerable literary reputation sat almost opposite him at the table, and he looked at him and said: "Mr. Webster, can you comprehend how Jesus Christ could be both God and man?" Mr. Webster, with one of those looks which no man can imitate,

fixed his eyes upon him, and promptly and emphatically said: "No, sir, I cannot comprehend it; and I would be ashamed to acknowledge him as my Savior if I could comprehend it. If I could comprehend him, he could be no greater than myself, and such is my conviction of accountability to God, such is my sense of sinfulness before him, and such is my knowledge of my own incapacity to recover myself, that I feel I need a superhuman Savior."—*Bishop Janes.*

What can be more foolish than to think that all this rare fabric of Heaven and earth could come by chance, when all the skill of art is not able to make an oyster?—*Jeremy Taylor.*

It would not be worth while to live if we were to die entirely. That which alleviates labor and sanctifies toil is to have before us the vision of a better world through the darkness of this life. That world is to me more real than the chimera which we devour, and which we call life. It is forever before my eyes. It is the supreme certainty of my reason, as it is the supreme consolation of my soul.—*Victor Hugo.*

Once, had I been called upon to create the earth, I should have done as the many would now. I should have laid it out in pleasure-grounds, and given man Milton's occupation of tending flowers. But I am now satisfied with this wild earth, its awful mountains and depths, steeps and torrents. I am not sorry to learn that God's end is a virtue far higher than I should have prescribed.—*Channing.*

To do good to men is the great work of life; to make them true Christians is the greatest good we can do them. Every investigation brings us round to this point. Begin

here and you are like one who strikes water from a rock on the summit of the mountains; it flows down all the intervening tracts to the very base. If we could make each man love his neighbor, we should make a happy world. The true method is to begin with ourselves and so extend the circle around us. It should be perpetually in our minds.—*J. W. Alexander.*

From philosophy, from poetry and from art, is heard the acknowledgment that there is no repose for the rational spirit but in moral truth. The testimony that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain, together, is as loud and convincing from the domain of letters, as it is from the cursed and thistle-bearing ground. From the immortal longing and dissatisfaction of Plato, down to the wild and passionate restlessness of Byron and Shelley, the evidence is decisive that a spiritual and religious element must enter into the education of man in order to inward harmony and rest.—*Dr. Shedd.*

"The mother of a family was married to an infidel, who made a jest of religion in the presence of his own children; yet she succeeded in bringing them all up in the fear of the Lord. I one day asked her how she preserved them from the influence of a father whose sentiments were so openly opposed to her own. This was her answer: 'Because to the authority of a father I did not oppose the authority of a mother, but that of God. From their earliest years my children have always seen the Bible upon my table. This holy book has constituted the whole of their religious instruction. I was silent that I might allow it to speak. Did they propose a question, did they commit any fault, did they perform any good action, I opened the Bible, and the Bible answered, reproved or encouraged them. The

constant reading of the Scriptures has alone wrought the prodigy which surprises you.'"—*Adolphe Monod.*

I PREACHED on Sunday in the parlors at Long Branch. The war was over, and Admiral Farragut and his family were spending the summer at the Branch. Sitting on the portico of the hotel Monday morning, he said to me, "Would you like to know how I was enabled to serve my country? It was all owing to a resolution I formed when I was ten years of age. My father was sent down to New Orleans with the little navy we then had, to look after the treason of Burr. I accompanied him as cabin-boy. I had some qualities that I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt; could drink a stiff glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards and fond of gaming in every shape. At the close of the dinner one day, my father turned every body out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me:

"'David, what do you mean to be?'

"'I mean to follow the sea.'

"'Follow the sea! Yes, be a poor, miserable drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital, in a foreign clime.'

"'No,' I said, 'I'll tread the quarter-deck and command as you do.'

"'No, David; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have, and such habits as you exhibit. You'll have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man.'

"My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke and overwhelmed with mortification. 'A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and to die in some fever hospital!

That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life, and change it at once. I will never utter another oath, I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquors, I will never gamble.' And, as God is my witness, I have kept those three vows to this hour. Shortly after, I became a Christian. That act settled my temporal, as it settled my eternal destiny." —*Anon.*

A Bible well worn in that part which contains the Sermon on the Mount is the book which our age most needs. There the Will of the Father, those laws which save souls or damn them lie in perfect plainness. No commentary can throw light upon them, no science or learning can take their light away. They are a part of the universe, only more imperishable than the stars. Christ died for man because man would not respect these laws of the kingdom. Having died for sinners, He now invites them to come into these laws of the Father. Do not mistake the invitation.—*David Swing.*

You never can get at the literal limitation of living facts. They disguise themselves by the very strength of their life; get told again and again in different ways by all manner of people; the literalness of them is turned topsy-turvy, inside out, over and over again; then the fools come and read them wrong side upwards, or else say there never was a fact at all. Nothing delights a true blockhead so much as to prove a negative,—to show that everybody has been wrong. Fancy the delicious sehsation to an empty-headed creature of fancying for a moment that he has emptied everybody else's head as well as his own! nay, that for once, his own hollow bottle of a head has had the best of other bottles, and has been *first* empty,—first to know nothing.—*Ruskin.*

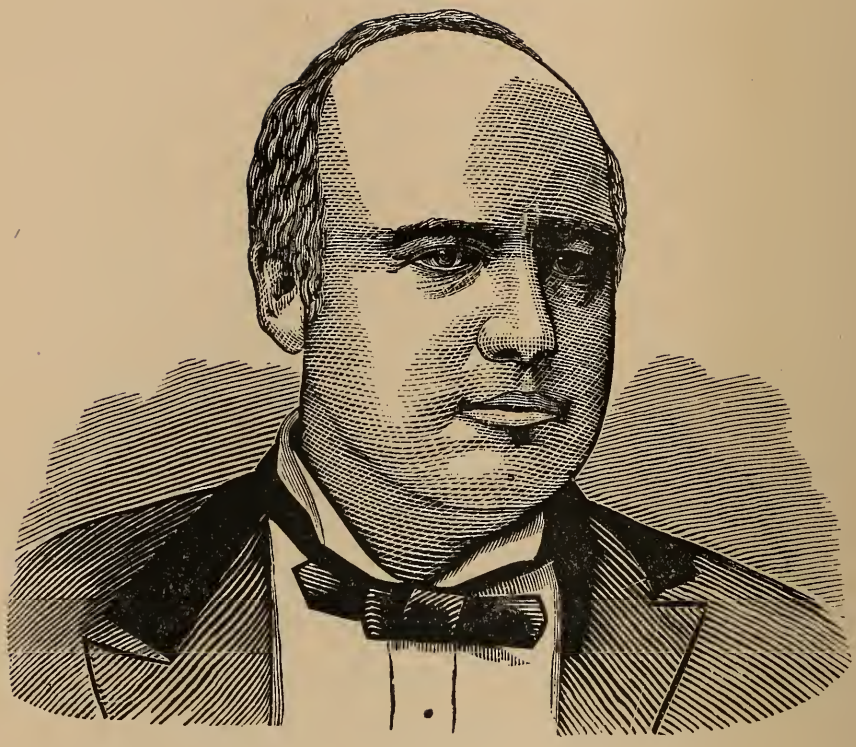
It is not so wretched to be blind as it is not to be capable of enduring blindness. Let me be the most feeble creature

alive as long as that feebleness serves to invigorate the energies of my rational and immortal spirit; so long as in that obscurity in which I am enveloped the light of the divine presence more clearly shines; and indeed, in my blindness I enjoy in no inconsiderable degree the favor of the Deity, who regards me with more tenderness and compassion in proportion as I am able to behold nothing but Himself. For the divine law not only shields me from injury, but almost renders me too sacred to attack, as from the overshadowing of those heavenly wings which seem to have occasioned this obscurity.—*Milton.*

A PRINCE said to Rabbi Gamaliel: "Your God is a thief; he surprised Adam in his sleep, and stole a rib from him." The Rabbi's daughter overheard this speech, and whispered a word or two in her father's ear, asking his permission to answer this singular opinion herself. He gave his consent. The girl stepped forward, and feigning terror and dismay, threw her arms aloft in supplication, and cried out, "My liege, my liege, justice! revenge!" "What has happened?" asked the prince. "A wicked theft has taken place," she replied. "A robber has crept secretly into our house, carried away a silver goblet, and left a golden one in its stead." "What an upright thief!" exclaimed the prince. "Would that such robberies were of more frequent occurrence!" "Behold, then, sir, the kind of thief our Creator was; he stole a rib from Adam, and gave him a beautiful wife instead." "Well said!" avowed the prince.—*Talmud Sanhedrim.*

ONCE there was a Judge who had a colored man. The colored man was very godly, and the Judge used to have him to drive him around in his circuit. The Judge used often to talk with him, and the colored man would tell the Judge about his religious experience, and about his battles;

and conflicts. One day the Judge said to him: "Sambo, how is it that you Christians are always talking about the conflicts you have with Satan? I am better off than you are. I don't have any troubles or conflicts, and yet I am an infidel and you are a Christian—always in a muss;—how 's that, Sambo?" This floored the colored man for awhile. He did n't know how to meet the old infidel's argument. So he shook his head sorrowfully and said: "I dunno, Massa, I dunno." The Judge always carried a gun along with him for hunting. Pretty soon they came to a lot of ducks. The Judge took his gun and blazed away at them, and wounded one and killed another. The Judge said quickly: "You jump in, Sambo, and get that wounded duck before he gets off," and did not pay any attention to the dead one. In went Sambo for the wounded duck, and came out reflecting. The colored man then thought he had an illustration. He said to the Judge: "I hab 'im now, Massa; I 'se able to show you how de Christian hab greater conflict dan de infidel. Do n't you know de moment you wounded dat ar duck, how anxious you was to get 'im out, and you did n't care for de dead, but jus' lef ' him alone?" "Yes," said the Judge. "Well," said Sambo, "ye see as how dat are dead duck 's a sure thing. I 'se wounded, and I tries to get away from the debbil. It takes trouble to cotch me. But, Massa, *you are a dead duck*—dar's no squabble for you; de debbil have you sure!" So the devil has no conflict with the infidel.—*D. L. Moody.*



R. G. Ingersoll

INGERSOLL'S LECTURE

ON

"THE MISTAKES OF MOSES."

Now and then some one asks me why I am endeavoring to interfere with the religious faith of others, and why I try to take from the world the consolation naturally arising from a belief in eternal fire. And I answer, I want to do what little I can to make my country truly free. I want to broaden the intellectual horizon of our people I want it so that we can differ upon all those questions, and yet grasp each other's hands in genuine friendship. I want in the first place to free the clergy. I am a great friend of theirs, but they don't seem to have found it out generally. I want it so that every minister will be not a parrot, not an owl sitting upon a dead limb of the tree of knowledge and hooting the hoots that have been hooted for eighteen hundred years. But I want it so that each one can be an investigator, a thinker; and I want to make his congregation grand enough so that they will not only allow him to think, but will demand that he shall think, and give to them the honest truth of his thought. As it is now, ministers are employed like attorneys—for the plaintiff or the defendant. If a few people know of a young man in the neighborhood maybe who has not a good constitution—he may not be healthy enough to be wicked—a young man who has shown no decided talent—it occurs to them to make him a minister. They contribute and send him to some school. If it turns out that that young man has more of the man in him than they thought, and he changes his opinion, every one who contributed will feel himself individually swindled—and they will follow that young man to the grave with the poisoned shafts of malice and slander. I want it so that every one will be free—so that a pulpit will not be a pillory. They have in Massachusetts, at a place called Andover,

a kind of minister-factory; and every professor in that factory takes an oath once in every five years—that is as long as an oath will last—that not only has he not during the last five years, but so help him God, he will not during the next five years intellectually advance; and probably there is no oath he could easier keep. Since the foundation of that institution there has not been one case of perjury. They believe the same creed they first taught when the foundation stone was laid, and now when they send out a minister they brand him as hardware from Sheffield and Birmingham. And every man who knows where he was educated knows his creed, knows every argument of his creed, every book that he reads, and just what he amounts to intellectually, and knows he will shrink and shrivel, and become solemnly stupid day after day until he meets with death. It is all wrong; it is cruel. Those men should be allowed to grow. They should have the air of liberty and the sunshine of thought.

I want to free the schools of our country. I want it so that when a professor in a college finds some fact inconsistent with Moses, he will not hide the fact, that it will not be the worse for him for having discovered the fact. I wish to see an eternal divorce and separation between church and schools. The common school is the bread of life; but there should be nothing taught in the schools except what somebody knows; and anything else should not be maintained by a system of general taxation. I want its professors so that they will tell everything they find; that they will be free to investigate in every direction, and will not be trammeled by the superstitions of our day. What has religion to do with facts? Nothing. Is there any such thing as Methodist mathematics, Presbyterian botany, Catholic astronomy or Baptist biology? What has any form of superstition or religion to do with a fact or with any science? Nothing but to hinder, delay or embarrass. I want, then, to free the schools; and I want to free the politicians, so that a man will not have to pretend he is a Methodist, or his wife a Baptist, or his grandmother a Catholic; so that he can go through a campaign, and when he gets through will find none of the dust of hypocrisy on his knees.

I want the people splendid enough that when they desire men to make laws for them, they will take one who knows something, who has brains enough to prophesy the destiny of the American Republic, no matter what his opinions may be upon any religious subject. Suppose we are in a storm out at sea, and the billows are washing over our ship, and it is necessary that some one should reef the topsail, and a man presents himself. Would you stop him at the foot of the mast to find out his opinion on the five points of Calvinism? What has that to do with it? Congress has nothing to do with baptism or any particular creed, and from what little experience I have had of Washington, very little to

do with any kind of religion whatever. Now I hope, this afternoon, this magnificent and splendid audience will forget that they are Baptists or Methodists, and remember that they are men and women. These are the highest titles humanity can bear—man and woman; and every title you add belittles them. Man is the highest; woman is the highest. Let us remember that we are simply human beings, with interests in common. And let us remember that our views depend largely upon the country in which we happen to live. Suppose we were born in Turkey most of us would have been Mohammedans; and when we read in the book that when Mohammed visited heaven he became acquainted with an angel named Gabriel, who was so broad between his eyes that it would take a smart camel three hundred days to make the journey, we probably would have believed it. If we did not, people would say: "That young man is dangerous; he is trying to tear down the fabric of our religion. What do you propose to give us instead of that angel? We cannot afford to trade off an angel of that size for nothing." Or if we had been born in India, we would have believed in a god with three heads. Now we believe in three gods with one head. And so we might make a tour of the world and see that every superstition that could be imagined by the brain of man has been in some place held to be sacred.

Now some one says, "The religion of my father and mother is good enough for me." Suppose we all said that, where would be the progress of the world? We would have the rudest and most barbaric religion—religion which no one could believe. I do not believe that it is showing real respect to our parents to believe something simply because they did. Every good father and every good mother wish their children to find out more than they knew; every good father wants his son to overcome some obstacle that he could not grapple with; and if you wish to reflect credit on your father and mother, do it by accomplishing more than they did, because you live in a better time. Every nation has had what you call a sacred record, and the older the more sacred, the more contradictory and the more inspired is the record. We, of course, are not an exception, and I propose to talk a little about what is called the Pentateuch, a book, or a collection of books, said to have been written by Moses. And right here in the commencement let me say that Moses never wrote one word of the Pentateuch—not one word was written until he had been dust and ashes for hundreds of years. But as the general opinion is that Moses wrote these books, I have entitled this lecture the "The Mistakes of Moses." For the sake of this lecture, we will admit that he wrote it. Nearly every maker of religion has commenced by making the world; and it is one of the safest things to do, because no one can contradict as having been present, and it gives free scope to the imagination. These

books, in times when there was a vast difference between the educated and the ignorant, became inspired and people bowed down and worshipped them.

I saw a little while ago a Bible with immense oaken covers, with hasps and clasps large enough almost for a penitentiary, and I can imagine how that book would be regarded by barbarians in Europe when not more than one person in a dozen could read and write. In imagination I saw it carried into the cathedral, heard the chant of the priest, saw the swinging of the censer and the smoke rising; and when that Bible was put on the altar I can imagine the barbarians looking at it and wondering what influence that black book could have on their lives and future. I do not wonder that they imagined it was inspired. None of them could write a book, and consequently when they saw it they adored it; they were stricken with awe; and rascals took advantage of that awe.

Now they say that the book is inspired. I do not care whether it is or not; the question is: Is it true? If it is true it don't need to be inspired. Nothing needs inspiration except a falsehood or a mistake. A fact never went into partnership with a miracle. Truth scorns the assistance of wonders. A fact will fit every other fact in the universe, and that is how you can tell whether it is or is not a fact. A lie will not fit anything except another lie made for the express purpose; and, finally, some one gets tired of lying, and the last lie will not fit the next fact, and then there is a chance for inspiration. Right then and there a miracle is needed. The real question is: In the light of science, in the light of the brain and heart of the nineteenth century, is this book true? The gentlemen who wrote it begins by telling us that God made the universe out of nothing. That I cannot conceive; it may be so, but I cannot conceive it. Nothing, regarded in the light of raw material, is, to my mind, a decided and disastrous failure. I cannot imagine of nothing being made into something, any more than I can of something being changed back into nothing. I cannot conceive of force aside from matter, because force to be force must be active, and unless there is matter there is nothing for force to act upon, and consequently it cannot be active. So I simply say I cannot comprehend it. I cannot beileve it. I may roast for this, but it is my honest opinion. The next thing he proceeds to tell us is that God divided the darkness from the light; and right here let me say when I speak about God I simply mean the being described by the Jews. There may be in immensity some being beneath whose wing the universe exists, whose every thought is a glittering star, but I know nothing about Him,—not the slightest,—and this afternoon I am simply talking about the being described by the Jewish people. When I say God, I mean Him. Moses describes God dividing the light from the darkness. I suppose that at

that time they must have been mixed. You can readily see how light and darkness can get mixed. They must have been entities. The reason I think so is because in that same book I find that darkness overspread Egypt so thick that it could be felt, and they used to have on exhibition in Rome a bottle of the darkness that once overspread Egypt. The gentleman who wrote this in imagination saw God dividing light from the darkness. I am sure the man who wrote it, believed darkness to be an entity, a something, a tangible thing that can be mixed with light.

The next thing that he informs us is that God divided the waters above the firmanent from those below the firmanent. The man who wrote that believed the firmanent to be a solid affair. And that is what the gods did. You recollect the gods came down and made love to the daughters of men—and I never blamed them for it. I have never read a description of any heaven I would not leave on the same errand. That is where the gods lived. That is where they kept the water. It was solid. That is the reason the people prayed for rain. They believed that an angel could take a lever, raise a widow and let out the desired quantity. I find in the Psalms that "He bowed the heavens and came down;" and we read that the children of men built a tower to reach the heavens and climb into the abode of the gods. The man who wrote that believed the firmanent to be solid. He knew nothing about the laws of evaporation. He did not know that the sun wooed with amorous kiss the waves of the sea, and that, disappointed, their vaporous sighs changed to tears and fell again as rain. The next thing he tells us is that the grass began to grow, and the branches of the trees laughed into blossom, and the grass ran up the shoulder of the hills, and yet not a solitary ray of light had left the eternal quiver of the sun. Not a blade of grass had ever been touched by a gleam of light. And I do not think that grass will grow to hurt without a gleam of sunshine. I think the man who wrote that simply made a mistake, and is excusable to a certain degree The next day he made the sun and moon—the sun to rule the day and the moon to rule the night. Do you think the man who wrote that knew anything about the size of the sun? I think he thought it was about three feet in diameter, because I find in some book that the sun was stopped a whole day, to give a general named Joshua time to kill a few more Amalekites; and the moon was stopped also. Now it seems to me that the sun would give light enough without stopping the moon; but as they were in the stopping business they did it just for devilment. At another time, we read, the sun was turned ten degrees backward to convince Hezekiah that he was not going to die of a boil. How much easier it would have been to cure the boil. The man who wrote that thought the sun was two or three feet in diameter, and could be stopped and pulled around like the

sun and moon in a theatre. Do you know that the sun throws out every second of time as much heat as could be generated by burning eleven thousand millions tons of coal? I don't believe he knew that, or that he knew the motion of the earth. I don't believe he knew that it was turning on its axis at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, because if he did, he would have understood the immensity of heat that would have been generated by stopping the world. It has been calculated by one of the best mathematicians and astronomers that to stop the world would cause as much heat as it would take to burn a lump of solid coal three times as big as the globe. And yet we find in that book that the sun was not only stopped, but turned back ten degrees, simply to convince a gentleman that he was not going to die of a boil. They may say I will be damned if I do not believe that, and I tell them I will if I do.

Then he gives us the history of astronomy, and he gives it to us in five words: "He made the stars also." He came very near forgetting the stars. Do you believe that the man who wrote that knew that there are stars as much larger than this earth as this earth is larger than the apple which Adam and Eve are said to have eaten? Do you believe that he knew that this world is but a speck in the shining, glittering universe of existence? I would gather from that that he made the stars after he got the world done. The telescope, in reading the infinite leaves of the heavens, has ascertained that light travels at the rate of 192,000 miles per second, and it would require millions of years to come from some of the stars to this earth. Yet the beams of those stars mingle in our atmosphere, so that if those distant orbs were fashioned when this world began, we must have been whirling in space not six thousand, but many millions of years. Do you believe the man who wrote that as a history of astronomy really knew that this world was but a speck compared with millions of sparkling orbs? I do not. He then proceeds to tell us that God made fish and cattle, and that man and woman were created male and female. The first account stops at the second verse of the second chapter. You see, the Bible originally was not divided into chapters; the first Bible that was ever divided into chapters in our language was made in the year of grace 1550. The Bible was originally written in the Hebrew language, and the Hebrew language at that time had no vowels in writing. It was written entirely with consonants, and without being divided into chapters or into verses, and there was no system of punctuation whatever. After you go home to-night write an English sen ence or two with only consonants close together, and you will find that it will take twice as much inspiration to read it as it did to write it. When the Bible was divided into verses and chapters, the divisions were not always correct, and so the division between the first and second chapter of Gen-

esis is not in the right place. The second account of the creation commences at the third verse, and it differs from the first in two essential points. In the first account man is the last made; in the second, man is made before the beasts. In the first account, man is made "male and female;" in the second only a man is made, and there is no intention of making a woman whatever.

You will find by reading that second chapter that God tried to palm off on Adam a beast as his helpmeet. Everybody talks about the Bible and nobody reads it; that is the reason it is so generally believed. I am probably the only man in the United States who has read the Bible through this year. I have wasted that time, but I had a purpose in view. Just read it, and you will find, about the twenty-third verse, that God caused all the animals to walk before Adam in order that he might name them. And the animals came like a menagerie into town, and as Adam looked at all the crawlers, jumpers and creepers, this God stood by to see what he would call them. After this procession passed, it was pathetically remarked, "Yet was there not found any helpmeet for Adam." Adam didn't see anything that he could fancy. And I am glad he didn't. If he had, there would not have been a free-thinker in this world; we should have all died orthodox. And finding Adam was so particular, God had to make him a helpmeet, and having used up the nothing he was compelled to take part of the man to make the woman with, and he took from the man a rib. How did he get it? And then imagine a God with a bone in his hand, and about to start a woman, trying to make up his mind whether to make a blonde or a brunette.

Right here it is only proper that I should warn you of the consequences of laughing at any story in the holy Bible. When you come to die, your laughing at this story will be a thorn in your pillow. As you look back upon the record of your life, no matter how many men you have wrecked and ruined, and no matter how many women you have deceived and deserted—all that may be forgiven you; but if you recollect that you have laughed at God's book you will see through the shadows of death, the leering looks of fiends and the forked tongues of devils. Let me show you how it will be: For instance, it is the day of judgment. When the man is called up by the recording secretary, or whoever does the cross-examining, he says to his soul: "Where are you from?" "I am from the world." "Yes, sir. What kind of a man were you?" "Well, I don't like to talk about myself." "But you have to. What kind of a man were you?" "Well, I was a good fellow; I loved my wife, I loved my children. My home was my heaven; my fireside was my paradise, and to sit there and see the lights and shadows falling on the faces of those I love, that to me was a perpetual joy. I never gave one of them a

solitary moment of pain. I don't owe a dollar in the world, and I left enough to pay my funeral expenses and keep the wolf of want from the door of the house I loved. That is the kind of a man I am." "Did you belong to any church?" "I did not. They were too narrow for me. They were always expecting to be happy simply because somebody else was to be damned." "Well, did you believe that rib story?" "What rib-story? Do you mean that Adam and Eve business? No, I did not. To tell you the God's truth, that was a little more than I could swallow." "To hell with him! Next. Where are you from?" "I'm from the world, too." "Do you belong to any church?" "Yes, sir, and to the Young Men's Christian Association." "What is your business?" "Cashier in a bank." "Did you ever run off with any of the money?" "I don't like to tell, sir." "Well, but you have to." "Yes, sir; I did." "What kind of a bank did you have?" "A savings bank." "How much did you run off with?" "One hundred thousand dollars." "Did you take anything else along with you?" "Yes, sir." "What?" "I took my neighbor's wife." "Did you have a wife and children of your own?" "Yes, sir." "And you deserted them?" "Oh, yes; bu such was my confidence in God that I believed he would take care of them." "Have you heard of them since?" "No, sir." "Did you believe that rib story?" "Ah, bless your soul, yes! I believe all of it, sir; I often used to be sorry that there were not harder stories yet in the Bible, so that I could show what my faith could do." "You believed it, did you?" "Yes, with all my heart." "Give him a harp."

I simply wanted to show you how important it is to believe these stories. Of all the authors in the world God hates a critic the worst. Having got this woman done he brought her to the man, and they started housekeeping, and a few minutes afterward a snake came through a crack in the fence and commenced to talk with her on the subject of fruit. She was not acquainted in the neighborhood, and she did not know whether snakes talked or not, or whether they knew anything about the apples or not. Well, she was misled, and the husband ate some of those apples and laid it all on his wife; and there is where the mistake was made. God ought to have rubbed him out once. He might have known that no good could come of starting the world with a man like that. They were turned out. Then the trouble commenced, and people got worse and worse. God, you must recollect, was holding the reins of government, but he did nothing for them. He allowed them to live six hundred and sixty-nine years without knowing their A. B. C. He never started a school, not even a Sunday school. He didn't even keep His own boys at home. And the world got worse every day, and finally he concluded to drown them. Yet that same god has the impudence to tell me how to

raise my own children. What would you think of a neighbor, who had just killed his babes giving you his views on domestic economy? God found that he could do nothing with them and He said: "I will drown them all, except a few." And He picked out a fellow by the name of Noah, that had been a bachelor for five hundred years. If I had to drown anybody, I would have drowned him. I believe that Noah had then been married something like one hundred years. God told him to build a boat, and he built one five hundred feet long, eighty or ninety feet broad and fifty-five feet high, with one door shutting on the outside, and one window twenty-two inches square. If Noah had any hobby in the world it was vetilation. Then into this ark he put a certain number of all the animals in the world. Naturalists have ascertained that at that time there were at least eleven hundred thousand insects necessary to go into the ark, about forty thousand mammalia, sixteen hundred reptilia, to say nothing about the mastodon, the elephant and the animalculæ, of which thousands live upon a single leaf and which cannot be seen by the naked eye. Noah had no microscope, and yet he had to pick them out by pairs. You have no idea the trouble that man had. Some say that the flood was not universal, that it was partial. Why then did God say: "I will destroy every living thing beneath the heavens." If it was partial why did Noah save the birds? An ordinary bird, tending strictly to business, can beat a partial flood. Why did he put the birds in there—the eagles, the vultures, the condors—if it was only a partial flood? And how did he get them in there? Were they inspired to go there, or did he drive them up? Did the polar bear leave his home of ice and start for the tropics inquiring for Noah; or could the kangaroo come from Australia unless he was inspired, or somebody was behind him? Then there are animals on this hemisphere not on that. How did he get them across? And there are some animals which would be very unpleasant in an ark unless the ventilation was very perfect.

When he got the animals in the ark, God shut the door and Noah pulled down the window. And then it began to rain, and it kept on raining until the water went twenty-nine feet over the highest mountain. Chimborazo, then as now, lifted its head above the clouds, and then as now, there sat the condor. And yet the waters rose and rose over every mountain in the world—twenty-nine feet above the highest peaks, covered with snow and ice. How deep were these waters? About five and a half miles. How long did it rain? Forty days. How much did it have to rain a day? About eight hundred feet. How is that for dampness? No wonder they said the windows of the heavens were open. If I had been there I would have said the whole side of the house was out. How long were they in this ark? A year and ten days, floating around with

no rudder, no sail, nobody on the outside at all. The window was shut, and there was no door, except the one that shut on the outside. Who ran this ark—who took care of it? Finally it came down on Mount Ararat, a peak seventeen thousand feet above the level of the sea, with about three thousand feet of snow, and it stopped there simply to give the animals from the tropics a chance. Then Noah opened the window and got a breath of fresh air, and he let out all the animals; and then Noah took a drink, and God made a bargain with him that He would not drown us any more, and He put a rainbow in the clouds and said: "When I see that I will recollect that I have promised not to drown you." Because if it was not for that He is apt to drown us at any moment. Now can anybody believe that that is the origin of the rainbow? Are you not all familiar with the natural causes which bring those beautiful arches before our eyes? Then the people started out again, and they were as bad as before. Here let me ask why God did not make Noah in the first place? He knew he would have to drown Adam and Eve and all his family. Then another thing, why did He want to drown the animals? What had they done? What crime had they committed? It is very hard to answer these questions—that is, for a man who has only been born once. After a while they tried to build a tower to get into heaven, and the gods heard about it and said: "Let's go down and see what man is up to." They came, and found things a great deal worse than they thought, and thereupon they confounded the language to prevent them succeeding, so that the fellow up above could not shout down "mortar" or "brick" to the one below, and they had to give it up. Is it possible that any one believes that that is the reason why we have the variety of languages in the world? Do you know that language is born of human experience, and is a physical science? Do you know that every word has been suggested in some way by the feelings or observations of man—that there are words as tender as the dawn, as serene as the stars, and others as wild as the beasts? Do you know that language is dying and being born continually—that every language has its cemetery and cradle, its bud and blossom, and withered leaf? Man has loved, enjoyed and suffered, and language is simply the expression he gives those experiences.

Then the world began to divide, and the Jewish nation was started. Now I want to say that at one time your ancestors, like mine, were barbarians. If the Jewish people had to write these books now they would be civilized books, and I do not hold them responsible for what their ancestors did. We find the Jewish people first in Canaan, and there were seventy of them, counting Joseph and his children already in Egypt. They lived two hundred and fifteen years, and they then went down into Egypt and stayed there two hundred and fifteen years; they were four hundred and

thirty years in Canaan and Egypt. How many did they have when they went to Egypt? Seventy. How many were they at the end of two hundred and fifteen years? Three millions. That is a good many. We had at the time of the Revolution in this country three millions of people. Since that time there have been four doubles, until we have forty-eight millions to-day. How many would the Jews number at the same ratio in two hundred and fifteen years? Call it eight doubles and we have forty thousand. But instead of forty thousand they had three millions. How do I know they had three millions? Because they had six hundred thousand men of war. For every honest voter in the State of Illinois there will be five other people, and there are always more voters than men of war. They must have had at the lowest possible estimate three millions of people. Is that true? Is there a minister in the city of Chicago that will certify to his own idiocy by claiming that they could have increased to three millions by that time? If there is, let him say so. Do not let him talk about the civilizing influence of a lie.

When they got into the desert they took a census to see how many first-born children there were. They found they had twenty-two thousand two hundred and seventy-three first born males. It is reasonable to suppose there was about the same number of first born girls, or forty-five thousand first born children. There must have been about as many mothers as first-born children. Dividing three millions by forty-five thousand mothers, and you will find that the women in Israel had to have on the average sixty-eight children apiece. Some stories are too thin. This is too thick. Now, we know that among three million people there will be about three hundred births a day; and according to the Old Testament, whenever a child was born the mother had to make a sacrifice—a sin-offering for the crime of having been a mother. If there is in this universe anything that is infinitely pure, it is a mother with her child in her arms. Every woman had to have a sacrifice of a couple of doves, a couple of pigeons, and the priests had to eat those pigeons in the most holy place. At that time there were at least three hundred births a day, and the priests had to cook and eat those pigeons in the most holy place; and at that time there were only three priests. Two hundred birds apiece per day! I look upon them as the champion bird-eaters of the world.

Then where were these Jews? They were upon the desert of Sinai; and Sahara compared to that is a garden. Imagine an ocean of lava, torn by storm and vexed by tempest, suddenly gazed at by a Gorgon and changed to stone. Such was the desert of Sinai. The whole supplies of the world could not maintain three millions of people on the desert of Sinai for forty years. It would cost one hundred thousand millions of dollars, and would bankrupt Christendom. And yet there they were

with flocks and herds—so many that they sacrificed over one hundred and fifty thousand first-born lambs at one time. It would require millions of acres to support those flocks, and yet there was no blade of grass, and there is no account of it raining baled hay. They sacrificed one hundred and fifty thousand lambs, and the blood had all to be sprinkled on the altar within two hours, and there were only three priests. They would have to sprinkle the blood of twelve hundred and fifty lambs per minute. Then all the people gathered in front of the tabernacle eighteen feet deep. Three millions of people would make a column six miles long. Some reverend gentlemen say they were ninety feet deep. Well, that would make a column of over a mile.

Where were these people going? They were going to the Holy Land. How large was it? Twelve thousand square miles—one-fifth the size of Illinois—a frightful country, covered with rocks and desolation. There never was a land agent in the city of Chicago that would not have blushed with shame to have described that land as flowing with milk and honey. Do you believe that God Almighty ever went into partnership with hornets? Is it necessary unto salvation? God said to the Jews: "I will send hornets before you, to drive out the Canaanites." How would a hornet know a Canaanite? Is it possible that God inspired the hornets —that he granted letters of marque and reprisal to hornets? I am willing to admit that nothing in the world would be better calculated to make a man leave his native country than a few hornets attending strictly to business. God said "Kill the Canaanites slowly." Why? "Lest the beasts of the field increase upon you." How many Jews were there? Three millions. Going to a country, how large? Twelve thousand square miles. But were there nations already in this Holy Land? Yes, there were seven nations "mightier than the Jews." Say there would be twenty-one millions when they got there, or twenty-four millions with themselves. Yet they were told to kill them slowly, lest the beasts of the field increase upon them. Is there a man in Chicago that believes that! Then what does he teach it to little children for? Let him tell the truth.

So the same God went into partnership with snakes. The children of Israel lived on manna—one account says all the time, and another only a little while. That is the reason there is a chance for commentaries, and you can exercise faith. If the book was reasonable everybody could get to heaven in a moment. But whenever it looks as if it could not be that way and you believe, you are almost a saint, and when you know it is not that way and believe you are a saint. He fed them on manna. Now manna is very peculiar stuff. It would melt in the sun, and yet they used to cook it by seething and baking. I would as soon think of

frying snow or boiling icicles. But this manna had other peculiar qualities. It shrank to an omer, no matter how much they gathered, and swelled up to an omer, no matter how little they gathered. What a magnificent thing manna would be for the currency, shrinking and swelling according to the volume of business! There was not a change in the bill of fare for forty years, and they knew that God could just as well give them three square meals a day. They remembered about the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks and the onions of Egypt, and they said: "Our souls abhoreth this light bread." Then this God got mad—you know cooks are always touchy—and thereupon He sent snakes to bite the men, women and children. He also sent them quails in wrath and anger, and while they had the flesh between their teeth, He struck thousands of them dead. He always acted in that way, all of a sudden. People had no chance to explain—no chance to move for a new trial—nothing. I want to know if it is reasonable he should kill people for asking for one change of diet in forty years. Suppose you had been boarding with an old lady for forty years, and she never had a solitary thing on her table but hash, and one morning you said: "My soul abhoreth hash." What would you say if she let a basketful of rattlesnakes upon you? Now is it possible for people to believe this? The Bible says that their clothes did not wax old, they did not get shiny at the knees or elbows; and their shoes did not wear out. They grew right along with them. The little boy starting out with his first pants grew up and his pants grew with him. Some commentators have insisted that angels attended to their wardrobes. I never could believe it. Just think of one angel hunting another and saying: "There goes another button." I cannot believe it.

There must be a mistake somewhere or somehow. Do you believe the real God—if there is one—ever killed a man for making hair-oil? And yet you find in the Pentateuch that God gave Moses a recipe for making hair-oil to grease Aaron's beard; and said if anybody made the same hair-oil he should be killed. And He gave him a formula for making ointment, and He said if anybody made ointment like that he should be killed. I think that is carrying patent-laws to excess. There must be some mistake about it. I cannot imagine the infinite Creator of all the shining worlds giving a recipe for hair-oil. Do you believe that the real God came down to Mount Sinai with a lot of patterns for making a tabernacle—patterns for tongs, for snuffers, and such things? Do you believe that God came down on that mountain and told Moses how to cut a coat, and how it should be trimmed? What would an infinite God care on which side he cut the breast, what color the fringe was, or how the buttons were placed? Do you believe God told Moses to

make curtains of fine linen? Where did they get their flax in the desert? How did they weave it? Did He tell him to make things of gold, silver and precious stones, when they hadn't them? Is it possible that God told them not to eat any fruit until after the fourth year of planting the trees? You see all these things were written hundreds of years afterwards, and the priests, in order to collect the tithes, dated the laws back. They did not say, "This is our law," but, "Thus said God to Moses in the wilderness." Now, can you believe that? Imagine a scene: The eternal God tells Moses, "Here is the way I want you to consecrate my priests. Catch a sheep and cut his throat." I never could understand why God wanted a sheep killed just because a man had done a mean trick; perhaps it was because his priests were fond of mutton. He tells Moses further to take some of the blood and put it on his right thumb, a little on his right ear, and a little on his right big toe? Do you believe God ever gave such instructions for the consecration of His priests? If you should see the South Sea Islanders going through such a performance you could not keep your face straight. And will you tell me that it had to be done in order to consecrate a man to the service of the infinite God? Supposing the blood got on the left toe?

Then we find in his book how God went to work to make the Egyptians let the Israelites go. Suppose we wish to make a treaty with the mikado of Japan, and Mr. Hayes sent a commissioner there; and suppose he should employ Hermann, the wonderful German, to go along with him; and when they came in the presence of the mikado Hermann threw down an umbrella, which changed into a turtle, and the commissioner said: "That is my certificate." You would say the country is disgraced. You would say the president of a republic like this disgraces himself with jugglery. Yet we are told God sent Moses and Aaron before Pharaoh, and when they got there Moses threw down a stick which turned into a snake. That God is a juggler—he is the infinite prestidigitator. Is that possible? Was that really a snake, or was it the appearance of a snake? If it was the appearance of a snake, it was a fraud. Then the necromancers of Egypt were sent for, and they threw down sticks, which turned into snakes, but those were not so large as Moses' snakes, which swallowed them. I maintain that it is just as hard to make small snakes as it is to make large ones; the only difference is that to make large snakes either larger sticks or more practice is required.

Do you believe that God rained hail on the innocent cattle, killing them in the highways and in the field? Why should he inflict punishment on cattle for something their owners had done? I could never have any respect for a God that would so inflict pain upon a brute beast simply on account of the crime of its owner. Is it possible that God worked mira-

cles to convince Pharaoh that slavery was wrong? Why did he not tell Pharaoh that any nation founded on slavery could not stand? Why did he not tell him, "Your government is founded on slavery, and it will go down, and the sands of the desert will hide from the view of man your temples, your altars, and your fanes?" Why did he not speak about the infamy of slavery? Because he believed in the infamy of slavery himself. Can we believe that God will allow a man to give his wife the right of divorcement and make the mother of his children a wanderer and a vagrant. There is not one word about woman in the Old Testament except the word of shame and humiliation. The God of the Bible does not think woman is as good as man. She was never worth mentioning. It did not take the pains to recount the death of the mother of us all. I have no respect for any book that does not treat woman as the equal of man. And if there is any God in this universe who thinks more of me than he thinks of my wife, he is not well acquainted with both of us. And yet they say that that was done on account of the hardness of their hearts; and that was done in a community where the law was so fierce that it stoned a man to death for picking up sticks on Sunday. Would it not have been better to stone to death every man who abused his wife and allowed them to pick up sticks on account of the hardness of their hearts? If God wanted to take those Jews from Egypt to the land of Canaan, why didn't He do it instantly? If He was going to do a miracle, why didn't He do one worth talking about?

After God had killed all the first-born in Egypt, after he had killed all the cattle, still Egypt could raise an army that could put to flight six hundred thousand men. And because this God overwhelmed the Egyptian army, he bragged about it for a thousand years, repeatedly calling the attention of the Jews to the fact that he overthrew Pharaoh and his hosts. Did he help much with their six hundred thousand men? We find by the records of the day that the Egyptian standing army at that time was never more than one hundred thousand men. Must we believe all these stories in order to get to Heaven when we die? Must we judge of a man's character by the number of stories he believes? Are we to get to Heaven by creed or by deed? That is the question. Shall we reason, or shall we simply believe? Ah, but they say the Bible is not inspired about those little things. The Bible says the rabbit and the hare chew the cud. But they do not. They have a tremulous motion of the lip. But the Being that made them says they chew the cud. The Bible, therefore, is not inspired in natural history. Is it inspired in its astrology? No. Well, what is it inspired in? In its law? Thousands of people say that if it had not been for the ten commandments we would not have known any better than to rob and steal. Suppose a man planted an acre of potatoes,

hoed them all summer, and dug them in the fall; and suppose a man had sat upon the fence all the time and watched him; do you believe it would be necessary for that man to read the ten commandments to find out who, in his judgment, had a right to take those potatoes? All laws against larceny have been made by industry to protect the fruits of its labor. Why is there a law against murder? Simply because a large majority of people object to being murdered. That is all. And all these laws were in force thousands of years before that time.

One of the commandments said they should not make any graven images, and that was the death of art in Palestine. No sculptor has ever enriched stone with the divine forms of beauty in that country; and any commandment that is the death of art is not a good commandment. But they say the Bible is morally inspired; and they tell me there is no civilization without this Bible. Then God knows that just as well as you do. God always knew it, and if you can't civilize a nation without a Bible, why didn't God give every nation just one Bible to start with? Why did God allow hundreds of thousands and billions of billions to go down to hell just for the lack of a Bible? They say that it is morally inspired. Well, let us examine it. I want to be fair about this thing, because I am willing to stake my salvation or damnation upon this question—whether the Bible is true or not. I say it is not; and upon that I am willing to wager my soul. Is there a woman here who believes in the institution of polygamy? Is there a man here who believes in that infamy? You say: "No, we do not." Then you are better than your God was four thousand years ago. Four thousand years ago he believed in it, taught it and upheld it. I pronounce it and denounce it the infamy of infamies. It robs our language of every sweet and tender word in it. It takes the fireside away forever. It takes the meaning out of the words father, mother, sister, brother, and turns the temple of love into a vile den where crawl the slimy snakes of lust and hatred. I was in Utah a little while ago, and was on the mountain where God used to talk to Brigham Young. He never said anything to me. I said it was just as reasonable that God in the nineteenth century should talk to a polygamist in Utah as it was that four thousand years ago, on Mount Sinai, he talked to Moses upon that hellish and damnable question.

I have no love for any God who believes in polygamy. There is no heaven on this earth save where the one woman loves the one man and the one man loves the one woman. I guess it is not inspired on the polygamy question. Maybe it is inspired about religious liberty. God says that if anybody differs with you about rellgion, "kill him." He told His peculiar people, "If any one teaches a different religion, kill him!" He did not say, "Try and convince him that he is wrong," but

"kill him!" He did not say, "I am in the miracle business, and I will convince him;" but "kill him." He said to every husband, "If your wife, that you love as you love your own soul, says, 'let us go and worship other gods,' then 'thy hand shall be first upon her and she shall be stoned with stones until she dies.'" Well, now, I hate a God of that kind, and I cannot think of being nearer heaven than to be away from Him. A God tells a man to kill his wife simply because she differs with him on religion! If the real God were to tell me to kill my wife, I would not do it. If you had lived in Palestine at that time, and your wife—the mother of your children—had woke up at night and said: "I am tired of Jehovah. He is always turning up that board-bill. He is always telling about whipping the Egyptians. He is always killing somebody. I am tired of Him. Let us worship the sun. The sun has clothed the world in beauty; it has covered the earth with green and flowers; by its divine light I first saw your face; its light has enabled me to look into the eyes of my beautiful babe. Let us worship the sun, father and mother of light and love and joy." Then what would it be your duty to do—kill her? Do you believe any real god ever did that? Your hand should be first upon her, and when you took up some ragged rock and hurled it against the white bosom filled with love for you, and saw running away the red current of her sweet life, then you would look up to heaven and receive the congratulations of the infinite fiend whose commandments you had to obey. I guess the Bible was not inspired about religious liberty. Let me ask you right here: Suppose, as a matter of fact, God gave those laws to the Jews and told them "whenever a man preaches a different religion, kill him," and suppose that afterwards the same God took upon himself flesh, and came to the world and taught and preached a different religion, and the Jews crucified him—did he not reap exactly what he sowed?

May be this book is inspired about war. God told the Israelites to overrun that country, and kill every man, woman and child for defending their native land. Kill the old men? Yes. Kill the women? Certainly. And the little dimpled babes in the cradle, that smile and coo in the face of murder—dash out their brains; that is the will of God. Will you tell me that any god ever commanded such infamy? Kill the men and the women, and the young men and the babes! "What shall we do with the maidens?" "Give them to the rabble murderers!" Do you believe that God ever allowed the roses of love and the violets of modesty that shed their perfume in the heart of a maiden to be trampled beneath the brutal feet of lust? If there is any God, I pray him to write in the book of eternal remembrance opposite to my name, that I denied that lie. Whenever a woman reads a Bible and comes to that passage, she ought

to throw the book from her in contempt and scorn. Do you tell me that any decent god would do that? What would the devil have done under the same circumstances? Just think of it; and yet that is the God that we want to get into the Constitution. That is the God we teach our children about, so that they will be sweet and tender, amiable and kind! That monster—that fiend! I guess the Bible is not inspired about religious liberty, nor about war.

Then, if it is not inspired about these things, maybe it is inspired about slavery. God tells the Jews to buy up the children of the heathen round about and they should be servants for them. What is a "servant?" If they struck a "servant" and he died immediately, punishment was to follow; but if the injured man should linger a while, there was no punishment, because the servant represented their money! Do you believe that it is right—that God made one man to work for another and to receive pay in rations? Do you believe God said that a whip on the naked back was the legal tender for labor performed? Is it possible that the real God ever gave such infamous, blood-thirsty laws? What more does he say? When the time of a married slave expired, he could not take his wife and children with him. Then if the slave did not wish to desert his family, he had his ears pierced with an awl, and became his master's property forever. Do you believe that God ever turned the dimpled checks of little children into iron chains to hold a man in slavery? Do you know that a God like that would not make a respectable devil? I want none of his mercy. I want no part and no lot in the heaven of such a God. I will go to perdition, where there is human sympathy. The only voice we have ever had from either of those other worlds came from hell. There was a rich man who prayed his brothers to attend to Lazarus so that they might "not come to this place." That is the only instance, so far as we know, of souls across the river having any sympathy. And I would rather be in hell, asking for water, than in heaven denying that petition. Well, what is this book inspired about? Where does the inspiration come from? Why was it that so many animals were killed? It was simply to make atonement for man—that is all. They killed something that had not committed a crime, in order that the one who had committed the crime might be acquitted. Based upon that idea is the atonement of the Christian religion. That is the reason I attack this book—because it is the basis of another infamy, viz: that one man can be good for another, or that one man can sin for another. I deny it. You have got to be good for yourself; you have got to sin for yourself. The trouble about the atonement is, that it saves the wrong man. For instance, I kill some one. He is a good man. He loves his wife and children and tries to make them happy; but he is not a Chris-

tian, and he goes to hell. Just as soon as I am convicted and cannot get a pardon I get religion, and I go to heaven. The hand of mercy cannot reach down through the shadows of hell to my victim.

There is no atonement for the saint—only for the sinner and the criminal. The atonement saves the wrong man. I have said that I would never make a lecture at all without attacking this doctrine. I did not care what I started out on. I was always going to attack this doctrine. And in my conclusion I want to draw you a few pictures of the Christian heaven. But before I do that I want to say the rest I have to say about Moses. I want you to understand that the Bible was never printed until 1488. I want you to know that up to that time it was in manuscript, in possession of those who could change it if they wished; and they did change it, because no two ever agreed. Much of it was in the waste basket of credulity, in the open mouth of tradition, and in the dull ear of memory. I want you also to know that the Jews themselves never agreed as to what books were inspired, and that there were a lot of books written that were not incorporated in the Old Testament. I want you to know that two or three years before Christ, the Hebrew manuscript was translated into Greek, and that the original from which the translation was made has never been seen since. Some Latin Bibles were found in Africa but no two agreed; and then they translated the Septuagint into the languages of Europe, and no two agreed. Henry VIII. took a little time between murdering his wives to see that the Word of God was translated correctly. You must recollect that we are indebted to murderers for our Bibles and our creeds. Constantine, who helped on the good work in its early stage, murdered his wife and child, mingling their blood with the blood of the Savior.

The Bible that Henry VIII. got up did not suit, and then his daughter, the murderess of Mary, Queen of Scotts, got up another edition, which also did not suit; and finally, that philosophical idiot, King James, prepared the edition which we now have. There are at least one hundred thousand errors in the Old Testament, but everybody sees that it is not enough to invalidate its claim to infallibility. But these errors are gradually being fixed, and hereafter the prophet will be fed by Arabs instead of "ravens," and Samson's three hundred foxes will be three hundred "sheaves" already bound, which were fired and thrown into the standing wheat. I want you all to know that there was no contemporaneous literature at the time the Bible was composed, and that the Jews were infinitely ignorant in their day and generation—that they were isolated by bigotry and wickedness from the rest of the world. I want you to know that there are fourteen hundred millions of people in the world; and that with all the talk and work of the societies, only one hundred and twenty millions have

got Bibles. I want you to understand that not one person in one hundred in this world ever read the Bible, and no two ever understood it alike who did read it, and that no one person probably ever understood it aright. I want you to understand that where this Bible has been, man has hated his brother—there have been dungeons, racks, thumbscrews, and the sword. I want you to know that the cross has been in partnership with the sword, and that the religion of Jesus Christ was established by murderers, tyrants and hypocrites. I want you to know that the church carried the black flag. Then talk about the civilizing influence of this religion!

Now, I want to give an idea or two in regard to the Christian's heaven. Of all the selfish things in this world, it is one man wanting to get to heaven, caring nothing what becomes of the rest of mankind. "If I can only get my little soul in!" I have always noticed that the people who have the smallest souls make the most fuss about getting them saved. Here is what we are taught by the church to-day. We are taught by it that fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters can all be happy in heaven, no matter who may be in hell; that the husband can be happy there with the wife that would have died for him at any moment of his life in hell. But they say, "We don't believe in fire. What we believe in now is remorse." What will you have remorse for? For the mean things you have done when you are in hell? Will you have any remorse for the mean things you have done when you are in heaven? Or will you be so good then that you won't care how you used to be? Don't you see what an infinitely mean belief that is? I tell you to-day that, no matter in what heaven you may be, no matter in what star you are spending the summer, if you meet another man whom you have wronged you will drop a little behind in the tune. And, no matter in what part of hell you are, and you meet some one whom you have succored, whose nakedness you have clothed, and whose famine you have fed, the fire will cool up a little. According to this Christian doctrine, when you are in heaven you won't care how mean you were once. What must be the social condition of a gentleman in heaven who will admit that he never would have been there if he had not got scared? What must be the social position of an angel who will always admit that if another had not pitied him he ought to have been damned? Is it a compliment to an infinite God to say that every being He ever made deserved to be damned the minute He got him done, and that He will damn everybody He has not had a chance to make over? Is it possible that somebody else can be good for me, and that this doctrine of the atonement is the only anchor for the human soul?

For instance: here is a man seventy years of age, who has been a

splendid fellow and lived according to the laws of nature. He has got about him splendid children, whom he has loved and cared for with all his heart. But he did not happen to believe in this Bible; he did not believe in the Pentateuch. He did not believe that because some children made fun of a gentleman who was short of hair, God sent two bears and tore the little darlings to pieces. He had a tender heart, and he thought about the mothers who would take the pieces, the bloody fragments of the children, and press them to their bosom in a frenzy of grief; he thought about their wails and lamentations, and could not believe that God was such an infinite monster. That was all he thought, but he went to Hell. Then, there is another man who made a hell on earth for his wife, who had to be taken to the insane asylum, and his children were driven from home and were wanderers and vagrants in the world. But just between the last sin and the last breath, this fellow got religion, and he never did another thing except to take his medicine. He never did a solitary human being a favor, and he died and went to heaven. Don't you think he would be astonished to see that other man in hell, and say to himself, "Is it possible that such a splendid character should bear such fruit, and that all my rascality at last has brought me next to God?"

Or, let us put another case. You were once alone in the desert—no provisions, no water, no hope. Just when your life was at its lowest ebb, a man appeared, gave you water and food and brought you safely out. How you would bless that man. Time rolls on. You die and go to heaven; and one day you see through the black night of hell, the friend who saved your life, begging for a drop of water to cool his parched lips. He cries to you, "Remember what I did in the desert—give me to drink." How mean, how contemptible you would feel to see his suffering and be unable to relieve him. But this is the Christian heaven. We sit by the fireside and see the flames and the sparks fly up the chimney—everybody happy, and the cold wind and sleet are beating on the window, and out on the doorstep is a mother with a child on her breast freezing. How happy it makes a fireside, that beautiful contrast. And we say "God is good," and there we sit, and she sits and moans, not one night but forever. Or we are sitting at the table with our wives and children, everybody eating, happy and delighted, and Famine comes and pushes out its shriveled palms, and, with hungry eyes, implores us for a crust. How that would increase the appetite! And yet that is the Christian heaven. Don't you see that these infamous doctrines petrify the human heart? And I would have every one who hears me, swear that he will never contribute another dollar to build another church, in which is taught such infamous lies. I want every one of you to say that you never will, direct-

ly or indirectly, give a dollar to any man to preach that falsehood. It has done harm enough. It has covered the world with blood. It has filled the asylums for the insane. It has cast a shadow in the heart, in the sunlight of every good and tender man and woman. I say let us rid the heavens of this monster, and write upon the dome "Liberty, love and law."

No matter what may come to me or what may come to you, let us do exactly what we believe to be right, and let us give the exact thought in our brains. Rather than have this Christianity true, I would rather all the gods would destroy themselves this morning. I would rather the whole universe would go to nothing, if such a thing were possible, this instant. Rather than have the glittering dome of pleasure reared on the eternal abyss of pain, I would see the utter and eternal destruction of this universe. I would rather see the shining fabric of our universe crumble to unmeaning chaos, and take itself where oblivion broods and memory forgets. I would rather the blind Samson of some imprisoned force, released by thoughtless chance, should so rack and strain this world that man in stress and straint, in astonishment and fear, should suddenly fall back to savagery and barbarity. I would rather that this thrilled and thrilling globe, shorn of all life, should in its cycles rub the wheel, the parent star, on which the light should fall as fruitlessly as falls the gaze of love on death, than to have this infamous doctrine of eternal punishment true; rather than have this infamous selfishness of a heaven for a few and a hell for the many established as the word of God!

One world at a time is my doctrine. Let us make some one happy here. Happiness is the interest that a decent action draws, and the more decent actions you do, the larger your income will be. Let every man try to make his wife happy, his children happy. Let every man try to make every day a joy, and God cannot afford to damn such a man. I cannot help God; I cannot injure God. I can help people; I can injure people. Consequently humanity is the only real religion.

I cannot better close this lecture than by quoting four lines from Robert Burns:

"To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife—
That's the true pathos and sublime
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